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M.H. Tolson of 1456
Edgeworth





ROSAMOND

A
S E Q U E L

TO
E A R L Y L E S S O N S .

BY
M A R I A E D G E W O R T H .

“ Oh teach her, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past !
The mind to strengthen and anneal,
While on the stithy glows the steel.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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TO PARENTS.

ROSAMOND, when we last saw her in the days of "The Black Bonnet," "The India Cabinet," and "The Microscope," was, we believe, about nine or ten years old. This Sequel to her history comprises about three years, from ten to thirteen. Her Biographer mentions this to prevent mistakes, and to ensure the advice,

the entreaty, that this book may not be read at an earlier age.

The same principles will here be found as in all the preceding Early Lessons, but applied to those new views of character, new thoughts, feelings, and objects, which present themselves at this time of life. The young readers will still see in Rosamond's less childish, but ever fluctuating mind, an image of their own. Few may have her infinite variety of faults, follies, and foibles; but some of her youthful errors will probably fall to the share of each, and some passing likeness will be continually caught by the young, or imputed by

the old. May all, who are at any time conscious of resembling Rosamond, or reproached with being like her, imitate her constant candour, and follow her example in that ardent, active desire to improve, by which she was characterised in childhood, still more in youth, which made her the darling of her own family, and which will, we hope, influence generous strangers in her favour.

Though the following little volumes are not intended for young children, yet it is not here attempted to give what is called a knowledge of the world, which ought not, cannot be given prematurely.

It is the object of this book to give young people, in addition to their moral and religious principles, some knowledge and control of their own minds in seeming trifles, and in all those lesser observances on which the greater virtues often remotely, but necessarily depend. This knowledge, and this self-command, which cannot be given too early, it is in the power of all to attain, even before they are called into the active scenes of life. Without this, all that gold can purchase, or fashion give; all that masters, governesses, or parents can say or do for their pupils, will prove unavailing for their happiness, because

insufficient for their conduct. But with this power over their own minds, confirmed by habit, and by conviction of its utility and its necessity, they may, in after life, be left securely to their own guidance; and thus *early lessons*, judiciously given, will prevent the necessity of *late lectures*.

“ I have been labouring to make myself useless,” was the saying of an excellent writer on education. A stupid commentator concluded, that this must be a mistake, and in a note added, for *useless* read *useful*.

M. E.

January, 1821.



ROSAMOND.

PETTY SCANDAL.

“ I HAVE been dreaming of Anne Townsend,” said Rosamond, one morning as she wakened. “ My dear Laura, you did not hear all the things she was telling us last night. She certainly is the most entertaining person in the world ! ”

“ In the world ! ” repeated Laura, with somewhat of an incredulous smile, which provoked Rosamond to start up in her bed.

“ Yes, indeed, Laura ! ” cried she, “ without any exaggeration, Anne

Townsend is the most entertaining person that I ever knew in the world; and you would have acknowledged it if you had heard her last night; but you never would see my nods, and becks, and signs to you to come to us; you seemed as if you could not stir from your place among the wise ones, and there you were all evening looking at those prints, which you have seen fifty times. How I pitied you !”

“ Thank you,” said Laura, “ but I was not at all to be pitied; I was very much entertained listening to an account, which a gentleman, who has lately returned from Italy, was giving of his visit to Pompeii, that town which was buried, you know, under a shower of ashes, and which remains as perfect ——

“ Yes, yes,” interrupted Rosamond,

"I read an account of it long ago; and I remember it put me in mind of the old desert town in the Arabian Tales, where every body was dead, and all turned to stone! and all silence! Very shocking, and very entertaining, the first time one hears of it; but I've heard it so often, I like something new."

"And I heard something, that was quite new to me, about Pompeii," said Laura.

"Very likely; and you can tell me that another time," interrupted Rosamond; "but I must go on now about Anne Townsend; and in the first place I may observe, that she never tells of all the grand, musty things one can find in books; but of those little things of living people, that are so excessively diverting."

“What kind of little things?” said Laura.

“I cannot describe them,” said Rosamond; “but all sorts of anecdotes, and stories of all sorts of people, for Anne Townsend has seen a vast deal of the world.”

“Anne Townsend! What, at thirteen!” said Laura.

“Fourteen at least, if not fifteen,” said Rosamond, “and she has been going about lately everywhere with her mamma; she counted to me twelve houses in the country where they have been paying visits this summer, and where the people were all so fond of her; and she did make me laugh so, by describing the odd ways of many of these people!”

“Of these people, who had been so kind to her,” said Laura.

“That is so like you, Laura,” cried Rosamond, “I knew you would say that! And I own I did not think that it was quite right of Anne Townsend to repeat *some things*; but I am sure she did not mean to be ill-natured. It was all to divert me, and only for *me*, you know.”

“But you have not yet told me any of those entertaining things,” said Laura.

“Because, though they were excessively entertaining at the time when I heard them,” said Rosamond, “I cannot repeat them in the way Anne Townsend told them.”

“Pray tell me some of them; I shall be content with your way of telling them,” said Laura.

“But almost all the anecdotes were about people you do not know, and I

forget the names, and it is all confusion in my head—Stay, I remember some curious things about the pretty Miss Belmonts. My dear! you cannot conceive how excessively poor and excessively shabby they are: Anne Townsend says, that they have only one riding habit among the three, that is the reason that they never ride more than one at a time; and they never subscribe to raffles, or charity sermons, or charity balls, or any of those sort of things; and I forget how much, I mean I forget how little, pocket money they have. That is their mother's fault indeed, but, as Anne Townsend says, avarice runs in the blood."

Laura was going to interpose something in favour of the Miss Belmonts, but Rosamond ran on to another anecdote, and another, and another, and

another, and at every close repeated, "Anne Townsend is so entertaining! But, my dear Laura," continued she, "what name do you think Anne Townsend has found for old Mrs. Cole? Red-hot Coal! You must not repeat this."

"No," said Laura, "I should be sorry to repeat it; because, though Mrs. Cole is, perhaps, a little passionate, mamma says, that she is a very good natured woman, and very kind to the poor in our neighbourhood in the country. Do not you recollect hearing of that little orphan girl to whom she is so good."

"That is all a mistake," said Rosamond, giving a very significant, mysterious nod.

"It cannot be *all* a mistake," replied Laura, "because I saw, and

know some of her kindness to that little Bessy Bell."

"No matter, my dear Laura, what you saw," said Rosamond, "for I have heard just the contrary from the best authority."

"But," said Laura, "I heard from Bessy Bell herself, that Mrs. Cole was as kind as possible to her; and I loved that child for the affection and gratitude with which she spoke of her dear good old lady."

"That is all quite changed now," persisted Rosamond, "for Bessy Bell hates her now: Bessy Bell was the very person who said so, and who told this to Anne Townsend."

"I am sorry for it," said Laura, gravely.

"You would be sorry for her," said Rosamond, "if you knew but all.

Mrs. Cole is a terribly passionate, horribly cruel woman."

"My dear Rosamond, do not believe it," said Laura; "and do not repeat such things, when you are not sure that they are true."

"I am quite sure that what I have heard is true," said Rosamond, "I will tell you the whole story, and then I will answer for it you will acknowledge, that Mrs. Cole is, and ought to be called, a horribly passionate, cruel woman."

"One day, just in the dusk of the evening——"

Rosamond stopped short in her story, for her mother came into the room, and told her that breakfast was ready. As they were going into the breakfast room, Rosamond whispered

to Laura, " You must not ask me to go on with that story till we are by ourselves."

Laura looked grave: she said nothing however at that time, but, as soon as breakfast was over, she asked Rosamond to come to their own room, where they could be by themselves.

" Ho! Ho!" said Rosamond, as soon as they were in their room, " I see that I have excited your curiosity at last, Mrs. Laura. I know the reason you are in such a hurry to have me alone with you again, to hear my story of Red-hot Coal."

" I confess I am curious to hear it, and anxious too," said Laura.

" Anxious and curious, to be sure you are, I don't doubt it in the least," cried Rosamond; " and I am delighted

to find, that I have made the sage Laura so curious, and so anxious."

"But you don't understand me. The reason why I am anxious is——

"I suppose," interrupted Rosamond, "that you are anxious only for poor dear Mrs. Cole's sake, and that you have no curiosity for your own part, at least so you would make me believe. But, as Anne Townsend says, I understand human nature a little too well, to be taken in so easily. Ah Laura, you may sigh, and look as demure, or as impatient as you please. I have you in my power. Oh! the joy of having a good story, and a good secret to tell!" continued Rosamond.

"But I assure you, that you should not hear it this half hour, but that I am afraid my dancing master will come, before I have time to tell it to you, if

I don't tell it directly. But, Laura, if you do not quite laugh, and almost cry, I will never tell you any thing again."

"That is a threat that does not frighten me much," said Laura, smiling.

"Because you think I can't help telling every thing; that is very provoking; but the dancing master will be here, so this once I will tell you.

"One winter's day, just in the dusk of the evening, when people sit round the fire, before the candles come, old Mrs. Cole was sitting by the fire in her arm chair, making that poor little girl read to her, that Bessy Bell: and she went on and on, reading, while old Mrs. Cole, never perceiving that there was not light enough, cried, 'Go on, go on' while she was all the time going

to sleep ; till at last little Bessy heard a loud snoring, and, looking up, she saw Mrs. Cole fast asleep, with her head back and her mouth open ; and just then, the servant coming in with the candles, and Mrs. Cole stirring a little, cap, wig, and all fell off, over the back of the chair ; and she did look so very droll, that the child could not help bursting out laughing," said Rosamond, who was here obliged to pause in her story, she was so much diverted at the recollection of Anne Townsend's description of her. " Well, my dear, Mrs. Cole wakened while Bessy Bell was laughing, and she was extremely angry ; and all the time she was scolding she looked so excessively ugly, and so odd without cap or wig, so very odd, that though Bessy Bell did all she could to stop it, she could

not help laughing again : so Hot Coal, Red-hot Coal, came up to her, saying, ‘ I’ll teach you to laugh at me ! ’ and gave her such a box on the ear, that flashes of light came from her eyes ; and before she knew where she was, Mrs. Cole gave her another blow, which knocked her down, and she fell—Oh ! now comes the shocking part—she fell on the spikes of the fender, and one of the spikes ran into her arm, and she cried out ; and that horrible woman, when she saw this, left her there, I cannot tell you how long, saying, ‘ That will teach you to laugh again at me, you ungrateful creature.’ Oh, my dear, think of leaving her writhing on the spikes ! ”

“ I do not believe that part of the story in the least,” said Laura.

“ But I give you my word it is true,”

said Rosamond: "but stay, you have not heard all. When at last she took the child up, who was all streaming with blood, and just fainting, what do you think she did? She took her by the very arm that the spike had run into, and shook her so that she broke the arm!"

"Broke it!" cried Laura, with a look of horror; "but I am sure it is not true. I cannot believe it."

"But you must believe it: I assure you it is certainly true," said Rosamond.

"How can you be certain of that," said Laura; "you did not see it?"

"No, but I heard it," said Rosamond, "from one who heard it from the very girl herself, who, you know, you say is a girl that speaks truth."

"That is true; but you heard this

account from Miss Townsend, did not you?"

"I did; but surely you do not suspect that Anne Townsend would tell a falsehood, and such a falsehood, such a horrible lie! You do not think that she invented the whole. Oh, my dear Laura, could you, who are so good, think so ill of any human creature! I could not have conceived it."

"Stay, Rosamond, you do not understand me; I do not suspect Miss Townsend of having invented the whole of this story, or think her capable of telling such a horrible falsehood."

"No, nor a falsehood of any kind," cried Rosamond; "surely you do not think she would."

"Not intentionally," said Laura; "but, my dear Rosamond, I have heard her, for the sake of making out

a good story, and to divert or to surprise people, in short, to produce a great effect, exaggerate sometimes, so that I cannot think her so exact about the truth as she ought to be."

Rosamond became serious and thoughtful, and, after some minutes silence, said, "I acknowledge, that sometimes Anne Townsend does exaggerate a little; but that is only in droll stories, or in describing, and that she says is allowable: but in earnest I am sure she would be careful, and you will see, that all she has told me will prove to be true, quite true."

"But is not it more likely, my dear Rosamond, that she should have exaggerated or misunderstood, than that any body should have been so cruel as she represents Mrs. Cole to have been,

a woman who was never known or suspected to be cruel before?"

"But, Laura, you are prepossessed in favour of Mrs. Cole," said Rosamond, "and prejudiced against poor Anne Townsend; but I shall see her again to-morrow, when we go to Mrs. Townsend's to practise the quadrille, and then I will ask her to tell me over again every particular, and you shall be convinced."

Here Rosamond was interrupted by a servant, who came to tell her, that her dancing master was waiting. Laura said she was sorry that they had been called so soon, for that she had not had time to say what she was most anxious to say to Rosamond.

"What can you mean?" cried Rosamond, stopping short, "I thought

you were anxious only about my story."

"I am much more anxious about you, my dear Rosamond," said Laura. Do not be angry with me if I say, that, though Miss Townsend is very entertaining, I should be sorry you were like her; and I should be sorry, my dear Rosamond, that you were to imitate her; I don't think she is a good friend for you."

"Why so?" asked Rosamond, in a tone of much disappointment and dissatisfaction.

"Because I don't like her habit of laughing at every body. Even those who have been most kind to her she ridicules, you see, the moment she is out of their company. Then she repeats every thing she sees and hears in every family she goes into, and almost

all the anecdotes she tells are ill-natured : what , mamma calls petty scandal. Besides, I do not like her desiring you not to mention to mamma what she told you."

" Now that is very unjust indeed," said Rosamond ; " you blame her both for not telling, and for telling ; you say you don't like her habit of repeating every thing she hears, and you do not like her desiring me not to repeat what she said to mamma."

" But is not there a great deal of difference," said Laura, " between telling little ill-natured stories, and telling what we hear and what we think to our best friends, to mamma for instance ; but I have not time to explain what I mean entirely," said Laura, " we must go down to the dancing master."

Rosamond acknowledged, that there was some truth in Laura's general opinion of Miss Townsend's love of scandal; but she was eager to prove, that in the present instance what she had said was perfectly true.

“But, my dear Rosamond,” said Laura, “how happens it, that you, who are in general so good-natured, should be anxious to prove that this horrible story of Mrs. Cole is quite true? Is it merely because you have heard it, or because you have told it?”

Whether Rosamond heard this last question, or not, never appeared; she made no answer to it, but observed, that she could keep poor M. Deschamps waiting no longer.

THE next day Laura and Rosamond went to Mrs. Townsend's, as it was their custom at this time to do, twice a week, to practise quadrilles with the Miss Townsend's, and with some other young people, who met by turns at each other's houses. Rosamond, impatient to see Miss Anne Townsend, flattered herself, that she should have an opportunity, if they went early, to talk to her in private, before the rest of their companions should come. But, to her disappointment, on their arrival she heard from Mrs. Townsend, that her daughter Anne had caught such a cold, that she was not allowed this night to join the dancing party, and was confined to her bed. "But you will not lose your quadrille, Miss Rosamond," said Mrs. Townsend, observing

Rosamond's look of disappointment and despair. "I have invited one of the Miss Belmonts here, to take Anne's place for to night. To be sure Miss Belmont does not dance quite so well as our own set, and may, perhaps, put you out; but we can manage it for once; and I must do her the justice to say that she is very obliging, which makes up for any other little deficiencies. Here she is; I believe you have never been introduced to each other," continued Mrs. Townsend: taking Rosamond's hand she led her to Miss Belmont. As the dancing did not immediately begin, Rosamond and Miss Belmont were left together. With the recollection of all she had heard, and all she had said of this young lady's shabbiness full in her mind, Rosamond felt somewhat embarrassed: whatever she

tried to talk of, all the stories she had heard crossed and puzzled her thoughts, so that she never could finish any one distinct sentence. Miss Belmont meantime, quite at her ease, in the most obliging manner tried to find subjects of conversation, not disdaining to talk to Rosamond, though she was some years younger than herself: of dancing, music, drawing, she spoke, but in vain; Rosamond did not know what she said, and the conversation dropped: at length some one came up, and said to Miss Belmont, "I hope you had a pleasant ride this morning. Do you ride to-morrow?"

Miss Belmont answered that she did not, that it was her sister's turn to ride the next day, and that they never rode on the same days.

"Ah, ha! I know the reason of

that," thought Rosamond. "Anne Townsend is certainly right about this."

The friend, who was speaking to Miss Belmont, and who was her near relation, said, "I know you have but one horse that you like to ride; but I can lend you my little Jannette to-morrow, and all next week, so if you please you and your sister can ride together."

Miss Belmont thanked her friend, but declined her kind offer, saying, in a whisper, "There is another difficulty: we have only one habit as well as one horse amongst us;" and, with a slight blush, ingenuous countenance, and sweet voice, she added, "you know we are poor, and in mamma's circumstances we should be as little expense

to her as possible, in our dress or our pleasures."

Miss Belmont's partner then taking her out to dance, her relation, turning to another friend, said, "Though they are my own relations, I hope I may be allowed to say, that the Miss Belmonts are most amiable girls."

"Yes," replied the friend, "so generous too; come with me, and I will tell you such an instance!"

"What a different person she is from what she was represented to me," thought Rosamond. "Anne Townsend did not exaggerate the circumstances, but she misrepresented the motives, that is, she did not understand, or she did not know them; and I will tell her how much she was mistaken."

Dancing interrupted Rosamond's

moral reflections, and dancing employed her till late in the evening, when, as she was drinking some lemonade, Mrs. Townsend came to her, and said, "If you are quite cool now, Miss Rosamond, I can take you up to Anne for a few minutes, as you are so anxious to see her. She is awake now, and will be delighted to see you."

Rosamond looked back for Laura, as Mrs. Townsend took her out of the room; but Laura was dancing, and Mrs. Townsend could not wait.

The history of what passed in this interview, Rosamond gave to her sister at night, when they were going to bed, in the following manner:—

"Well, my dear Laura, it is all over; and how do you think it has ended? We have come to an explanation, and I am convinced you were

quite right, and that Anne Townsend is too fond of scandal; and I told her so; and we have had such a quarrel! When I went to her room, we began by talking about her cold, and *all that*; then we went on to the dancing, and the quadrille, and she asked me how Miss Belmont had got through it, and regretted that her mother had asked her; then I took Miss Belmont's part, and said, that I was sure, if Miss Townsend knew her she would like her; I said, I thought that she had been quite misrepresented by whoever told the ill-natured stories. I repeated what I had heard her say, and added what her friend and relation had said of her being generous: but Miss Townsend still insisted upon it she was right, instead of fairly acknowledging that she had been wrong, or that she was

convinced she had been misinformed. She only laughed at my credulity, as she called it, and said, that when I had seen more of the world I should know better—worse she meant. That it was very natural, that Miss Belmont's own friend and relation should say the best she could for her, but this was no proof she deserved it; that she is shabby, and that all the Belmonts are shabby; and that she could tell me fifty other stories of them worse than the habit, and more diverting. And, as Miss Townsend said this, that flattering, mincing maid of hers, who was fidgeting about the bed with jelly, or something which nobody wanted, smiled, and said, To be sure; that she knew enough of the shabbiness of the Belmonts, of which she could tell a hundred instances if she pleased.

But I said I had no curiosity to hear any such stories. I perceived from this, where Anne Townsend's anecdotes came from, and I felt ashamed for her; and I believe I looked as if I wished the maid away; but she did not go till Anne, who perhaps was a little ashamed herself, told her she need not stay. As soon as she was gone I lost no time, for I was determined to know the truth, and to see the very bottom of Anne Townsend's mind."

"Ah, my dear Rosamond," said Laura, "you think it is as easy to see to the bottom of every body's mind as it is to see to the bottom of your own open heart."

"On I went into the very middle of the *Hot Coal* business," continued Rosamond; "and I told her, that I had repeated the story to you, and that

you doubted the truth of it, and thought she had been misinformed. She began to look angry directly, and reproached me with always repeating every thing I hear.—Only think of her charging me with the very thing she does herself! She wondered why you doubted the story; she asserted that she *knew* it was all perfectly true, and that she had it from the very best authority: ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘I assured Laura that you heard it from Bessy Bell herself.’ But Anne Townsend interrupted me, and explained to me, that the story was not actually told to her by Bessy Bell, but only that it *came* from herself; that is, the person who told it to Anne Townsend heard it from somebody who heard it from Bessy Bell.”

“ Oh ! that makes a great difference,” said Laura.

“ Yes,” said Rosamond, “ quite another thing ! Then came out another change in the business : I thought that the affair had but just happened, and that the child was lying wounded and half dead at this moment ; but this was all a mistake in my foolish imagination, as Anne Townsend says, for at this moment the girl is as well as I am. All this happened a year ago ; ‘ Therefore,’ said she, ‘ it is not worth while to say any thing more about it ;’ and she added, that unless I wanted to make mischief, I must never speak of it again, and must never let any body know that I had heard it. She bid me recollect, that when she told me this, I had promised

her I would not tell a word of it to mamma. But this I could not recollect, because it was not so. When I insisted upon this fact, she was very much vexed, and then asked what reason I could have for wanting to tell it to mamma, except to make mischief. I said, that I always tell mamma every thing, and that you, who are my best friend, advised me not to hear any secrets which I must not tell my mother. She said, that this was all 'mighty fine,' but that she was sure I had some other reason for wishing to tell it to mamma. I answered, that I had another reason; that I desired to find out the exact truth of the Cole story, that I might prove to you, that she had not exaggerated in telling it. She thanked me proudly, and after a little silence she said,

‘ Now pray tell me exactly all you told your sister Laura.’ I repeated it as exactly as I could. But when I came to Bessy Bell’s being knocked down by old Mrs. Cole, and falling on the spikes of the fender, and ‘ the stream of blood,’ Anne Townsend cried, ‘ No such thing! No such thing!’ and protested, that she had never said a word of a ‘ stream of blood.’ But, worse and worse—when I came to Mrs. Cole’s shaking Bessy Bell’s arm till she broke it, Anne Townsend stopped me again, and put in an *almost*, that entirely altered the case. But indeed, my dear Laura, I remember, when she first told me the story, exclaiming with horror, ‘ What! broke her arm!’ and Miss Townsend could have set me right then. When I reminded her of this,

she would not listen to me. She knew she was wrong, and would not acknowledge it, and she wanted to throw all the blame upon me. At last she was quite out of humour, and said I had misrepresented and exaggerated the whole story. Then I confess I grew very angry, and I cannot exactly remember what I said, but I believe that the sense of it was, that I should be very sorry to have any person for my friend who was not exact about truth, and that I was very glad that I had found out her real character before I had grown too fond of her. She laughed, which provoked me more than all the rest; and only think of her punning at such a time! She said, she believed I was indeed fitter to be a friend of old Hot Coal; that she fancied I was of the family of the Hot Coals, nearly related — *Kindle Coal*,

certainly. I wished her a good night, and left her; and I never desire to see her again. She may be as entertaining and witty as she pleases, I shall never love her again; who would wish to have such a friend as Anne Townsend? You were very right, Laura, and I was very foolish."

THE next morning, when Rosamond wakened, she began the day with this sage reflection, "How different the same person, and the same things appear to me now, from what they did even this time yesterday—Anne Townsend for instance, and Anne Townsend's wit;—wit is very entertaining; but, my dear Laura, I think I like people better for friends who have no

“Why so, my dear Rosamond,” said Laura, smiling; “would you keep all the wit for yourself?”

“No,” said Rosamond, “I would rather not have wit myself; it may tempt people to be ill-natured, and to ridicule every thing, and every body.”

“But by the same rule,” said Laura, “you would rather not have any fire, I suppose, because fire sometimes burns people, if they are not careful about it.”

Rosamond laughed, and soon gave up her rash resolution against wit, when Laura reminded her of the character of Lady Lyttleton:—

A wit, that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light,

All pleasing shone, nor ever past
The decent bounds that wisdom’s sober hand,
And sweet benevolence’s mild command,

And bashful modesty, before it cast.

“ I love those lines,” cried Rosamond ; “ that is the kind of wit I should like to have ! But I must make haste and dress myself, that I may go to mamma, and tell her the whole affair.”

And when she had related all that had passed, she was very anxious to know what her mother thought of the whole. Her mother told her, that she thought she had been too sudden in her liking for Miss Anne Townsend at first, and perhaps a little too angry at last ; yet she was upon the whole well satisfied with her conduct, and glad that she felt such aversion to any appearance of prevarication and falsehood. It was not yet possible to decide, whether or not Miss Townsend had told an absolute intentional falsehood ; but it was

plain, that, in her desire to surprise or to entertain, she had been careless about truth, and had considerably exaggerated and misrepresented facts.

"That she certainly did," cried Rosamond. "But now, mamma, that we may get quite to the bottom of the truth, will you be so kind to call this morning to inquire how poor old Mrs. Cole does? If she lets you in, as I dare say she will, you can find out for me, without making any mischief, the whole truth exactly about Bessy Bell, and the fender, and the blood; for I am excessively curious to know all the particulars exactly."

"But I do not see that any good purpose can be answered by gratifying this curiosity of yours, my dear," said her mother; "therefore let me advise you to repress it. You are assured,

that the child is quite well; and as to the rest, you cannot do her any good, and you might do her injury by interference. From all that has passed, you may observe the danger of exaggeration; and, I advise you, take warning by this. Do not repeat what Miss Townsend told you to any of your young companions."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, "I wish you would explain to me the right and the wrong about *repeating*: I am very much puzzled about it.—Let me consider; it is right, always, to tell you and Laura every thing I hear; and it is wrong, *sometimes*, to tell the same things to my young companions; and I do not know how to settle these contradictions: and, mamma, you love those who have an open temper, and you esteem those who are sincere; and yet

some things are never to be repeated : you like people that are entertaining, and yet people cannot be entertaining if they never tell any thing they hear, can they ? I am sure, that many of those you like, mamma, and whom you think the most sensible, agreeable people, often, in conversation, relate anecdotes that amuse you, and that show the characters of different persons ; and how am I to distinguish the difference between this and what you call petty scandal ?”

“ My dear, you have put so many difficult questions,” said her mother, smiling, “ I shall find it impossible, I am afraid, to answer them all at once. But to begin with your puzzle about secresy and sincerity : you may be perfectly sincere and open about every thing that concerns yourself, and at

the same time you may forbear to tell what does not concern you, and what might injure others. Never repeat any thing to the disadvantage of any person, unless you are sure it is true; never tell any thing ill-natured of any one, even if it be true, unless it is to be of use, and to do some good, greater than the pain you inflict; in short, never repeat what is ill-natured, merely for the pleasure of telling what may divert others, or show your own cleverness, as it is called."

"That last is a very good rule, mamma," said Rosamond, blushing.

"And to this rule there can be no exception," continued her mother. "To my other general rules there may be some exceptions. Circumstances may possibly occur, in which, for the sake of justice and truth, it is our duty

to repeat or to reveal what may be much to the disadvantage of others."

" Ah! there's the thing, mamma; how am I to distinguish?"

" At your age, and with your inexperience, you cannot yet judge in these difficult circumstances, my dear," answered her mother; " therefore I advise you to consult those who have more experience; and it is safest to apply, in all difficulties, to those who are most interested for your happiness."

" That is to you, mamma,—yes, certainly, and to Laura. I will always tell you when I am in doubt about right and wrong."

" If you do, my dear, I will always, to the best of my power, give you my advice. I acknowledge, that petty scandal may be entertaining, and—

“ Oh ! yes, mamma, Anne Townsend is very entertaining.”

“ But you perceived some of the mischief she might do. And when you know more of the world, you will find, that a scandalous story is scarcely ever repeated without inaccuracy or exaggeration : even by those who do not intend to alter or exaggerate in the least, some little difference is made in the warmth of description, the eagerness to interest, and the desire to produce effect.”

“ Very true : I recollect, that even I said *streaming with blood*, when I was telling Laura about Bessy Bell ; and, if I had been quite exact, I should have only said bleeding, or covered with blood ; for, to do Anne Townsend justice, that was, as she reminded me,

all she said. But go on, mamma, for I am really anxious to know how to do right for the future."

"I am sure you are," said her mother, kissing her affectionately; "and with such good dispositions and good principles you cannot go much wrong. You have as yet, however, so little knowledge of the world, that it is not possible for me to explain to you all the mischief that may be done by spreading trifling reports. Some instances may give you an idea of the sort of things you should avoid repeating. Your own feelings tell you how painful it would be to yourself to hear repeated to you what any one you love had said of you, at some time when they were displeased with you, or when they had spoken hastily of you or your faults."

“ Yes, mamma, I remember Anne Townsend once told me something that was said by *somebody*—I will not tell you who—it gave me a great deal of pain, and made me like that person less—and much less than if she had found fault with me to my face.”

“ Yes, such repetitions are injurious,” said her mother.—“ You know, Rosamond, how sorry you would feel, if every hasty word you say was repeated.”

“ Certainly, mamma ; people forget so soon what they say when they are angry ; and they never mean half so much as they say.”

“ And,” continued her mother, “ in repeating such things, the tone and manner in which they were said must often be altered by the repeater, and then they appear a great deal worse than they

really were. What might be said half in jest is turned into earnest, and perhaps these trifling, vexatious things are repeated at a time when those to whom they are told are not in good humour, or when they have other causes of complaint; so that altogether they produce suspicions and quarrels among acquaintance and friends."

"I recollect, mamma, your being displeased once, when somebody repeated to you some dispute which they had overheard, no, *heard* (let me take care to be exact) between a husband and wife. You stopped them by turning the conversation to something else; and you said afterwards to Laura, that such things should never be repeated. Laura," continued Rosamond, as she turned to look for her, "what are you searching for in that book, in-

stead of listening to what we are saying?"

"I have heard all you were saying," said Laura; "and I am looking for a story that I think you will like to read; it is an account of a girl, who ruined a whole family by repeating something about family affairs which she did not understand.

"Oh! give it me!" cried Rosamond: "but is it true?"

"I should think it is true; I am sure it might be true," answered Laura.

"What is the name of the book?"

"Mrs. Palmerstone's Letters to her Daughter."

"I will read the story before I stir from this place," said Rosamond.

Accordingly she read the story. It interested her very much, so much,

that she could hardly think of any thing else for some hours, and she said to Laura,

“What a striking lesson! I am sure it has made an impression upon me that I never, never can forget.”

But the impressions on Rosamond's mind, though easily made, and seemingly strong and deep, were like the writing on sand, often shaken and quickly obliterated.

Not more than a fortnight afterwards, when she was at Mrs. Belmont's, where it had been arranged that she was to meet her young companions to practise quadrilles, it happened, that one of the Miss Belmonts asked her, what was the cause of her not liking Anne Townsend so well as she did formerly. She at first answered, pru-

dently, " I cannot tell you any thing about it ;—Oh, don't ask me."

But some one present declared, that she knew the whole already, and that she had had it all from Miss Townsend. Rosamond was provoked at perceiving, that the whole had been told to her disadvantage; and that it was insinuated, that the fear, that something discreditable to herself should *come out*, was the cause of her present reserve. Forgetting her mother's cautions, and her own resolutions, Rosamond then began, and told all that had passed, and all that she had heard from Miss Townsend. It was not till she was in the middle of her story that she recollected herself, and, stopping short, exclaimed, " But I cannot, I must not tell you any more about Mrs. Cole

and Bessy Bell; for mamma desired that I would not repeat it."

"Oh, my dear Rosamond," cried one of her companions, "you have gone so far you must go on, for poor Mrs. Cole's sake, or we shall think it is something horrible, much worse probably than it really is."

"That's true," said Rosamond; "but still I ought not to repeat it."

"But we shall never tell it again; it will be as safe with us as with yourself; you may depend upon it we shall never say any thing about it," said the young ladies, adding all the arguments of this sort, with all the asseverations and promises, usually made by the curious upon such occasions. Poor Rosamond was overpowered by their persuasions, went on, and bit by bit told the whole; and while she was in

the midst and warmth of her narration, her eyes always fixed on the young lady to whom she was speaking, she did not perceive, that one or two more of their acquaintance came into the little music room, where they were standing, and joined the party of listeners. When at last Rosamond wakened to the sight of the new faces among her auditors, she stopped and started; but one of her companions whispered her, "Go on, go on, she is my cousin Susan, I will answer for her; and the other is only Mary Law, she will not understand what you are saying; you may say any thing before her, she is deaf, and stupid besides, and too full of the quadrille to think of any thing else." Rosamond, thus reassured, went on to the end of her story. When all was

over and when she went home, and found herself again with Laura and her mother, she told them what had passed, not without some shame: but still, she said, she hoped that none of the company would repeat what she had said. Her mother and Laura hoped so too. They did not reproach Rosamond, but they were sorry that she had been tempted to break her wise resolutions.

Some days passed. No more was said upon the subject. Rosamond forgave herself, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, when one morning it was brought to her recollection in a painful manner.

She happened to go with her mother and sister to a glover's shop: the woman who kept this small shop had been once a faithful servant in her mother's

family, and therefore they were interested for her. Laura first remarked, that the poor woman did not look as well as usual. She answered, that she was well, but that she had been very much vexed this day; she begged pardon, however, it was not a matter of great consequence, and she would not trouble them about it.

While she was speaking, Rosamond thought she heard the sound of some one sobbing. The sound came from a room within the shop. The woman shut the door close, which had been a little open; and, in doing this, she by accident pushed aside the green curtain, that hung before the glass panes in the upper part of the door.

Rosamond looked into the room, and saw a child kneeling, by a chair, with her head down, and her face hid

in her hands, crying as if her heart would break. Rosamond looked at Laura, and with much emotion exclaimed, "What can be the matter with her, poor little thing?"

"Ah, poor thing, she may well cry as she does," said Mrs. White, the woman of the shop; "she has lost a good friend, and the best friend she had in the world; and the only one, I may say, that could and would have served her through life; but she is an unfortunate little creature, an orphan; Bessy Bell, ladies, that you may remember to have seen in the country with good old Mrs. Cole; but Miss Rosamond, my dear Miss Rosamond! is as pale as death!"

"Oh!" cried Rosamond, as soon as she could speak, "I am certain I am

the cause of all the mischief; but go on, go on, tell me all."

Mrs. White, much astonished, then related all she knew of the matter; that Mrs. Cole had been so extremely displeased by some report, that had been repeated to her of Bessy Bell's having complained of her cruelty, and having told, with many circumstances that were not true, *something that happened in her family* above a year ago, that she had resolved to have nothing more to do with the child. "Indeed," continued Mrs. White, "considering how excessively generous and kind, and like a mother Mrs. Cole has been to Bessy, and the pains she has taken with her, and the affection she had for her, I cannot wonder she should be cut to the heart, and made as angry

as she is, by what must appear to her such base ingratitude and treachery in this child. I don't like to tell all the circumstances, lest I should be guilty of spreading scandalous false reports, as others have been."

But Rosamond told her, that she knew all the circumstances, she believed; and as well as she could, in the extreme agitation of her mind, repeated what she had heard from Anne Townsend, and asked if this was the report to which Mrs. White alluded.

"Yes, ladies, the very same, as far as I can make out: it was written as news to the country, and so came round again to Mrs. Cole, and never was a story more exaggerated. Bessy Bell! Bess! Come here, child, and tell how it was; or please to step in here,

ladies, for she is ashamed, poor thing, and she is in such a condition."

Bessy wiped the tears from her face, tried to stop her sobs, and endeavoured to speak. She said, she had done wrong, very wrong indeed! but not as wrong or as wickedly as had been reported of her; she had, a year ago, when she was angry, told her friend, the apothecary's daughter, that Mrs. Cole had been very passionate one evening, and had given her such a box on the ear, as had nearly knocked her down; and she had said, that if she had fallen, she *might* have fallen upon the spikes of the fender. But the letter asserted, that she had fallen down, and that the spikes of the fender had run into her arm to the bone; and that while she was *all streaming with blood*, Mrs. Cole shook

her till she broke her arm; but oh, ma'am! I never, never uttered such falsehoods! I was very wrong ever to tell any thing about it; for Mrs. Cole was so very, *very* kind to me: what I did let out, ma'am, I told at the minute when I was in a passion, and that was a year ago, and I had forgotten it, and every thing I said; and how it came up, and how it came out again, I cannot conceive.

Rosamond's mother inquired, whether Bessy knew the name of the lady who had written the letter. She replied, that she was not quite certain, for that the letter was put into her hands but for a minute, but that she believed it was Law—Martha or Mary Law.

It appeared now too plain, that the whole mischief had arisen from that young lady's having written an ex-

aggerated account of what she had imperfectly heard, and imperfectly understood of the story Rosamond told to her companions in the music room at Mrs. Belmont's. She had not heard the explanation and contradiction of the first part of Anne Townsend's assertions, and had gone off with the falsehoods instead of the truth; then, for want of something to say in her next letter, slow, dull Miss Law had repeated this story. Thus it often happens, that the stupid and slow, as well as the quick and lively, become spreaders of false reports.

Rosamond was miserable when she saw the mischief she had occasioned; she could not cry, she could not speak, she stood pale and motionless, while her mother and Laura thought for her what could be done. They proposed

immediately, that they should go to Mrs. Cole's, and that Rosamond should tell her exactly what had passed; but Bessy Bell said, their going to her house in town would be of no use, for that she had left London this morning early. And then Mrs. White increased Rosamond's sorrow by saying, that little Bessy was to have gone with Mrs. Cole to the country, to Devonshire, to the sea, and that every thing had been arranged for the journey, "and clothes and books even, ma'am, bought for her: see there!" pointing to a little trunk half packed up. "But all is over now."

"Bessy, why did not you tell Mrs. Cole," said Laura, "what you have told us; and why did not you assure her, that the falsehoods, which have

been reported did not come from you?"

"I did, ma'am; but I could not deny, that there was some part of the story true. I could not deny, that I had talked foolishly, and that I had told some part of what was repeated. This vexed her exceedingly, as well it might; and she did not perhaps believe me, or perhaps she did not hear the rest of what I was saying, to explain to her that I did not say all the horrible things that were reported. Oh! she was very much vexed."

"Aye," said Mrs. White, "the only fault Mrs. Cole has upon earth is the being a little too touchy and hasty."

"Pray! pray! don't say any thing more about that!" cried little Bessy, "because Mrs. Cole has been so very

kind to me: she has taught me every thing good in the world, that I know, and she has given me almost every thing I have, and she has been a mother to me: I was an orphan, and starving when she first took me in. Oh!" said the child, kneeling down again, and hiding her face on the chair, "I have been very, very ungrateful, and I shall never forgive myself."

"Poor Rosamond!" said Laura.

Rosamond's mother forbore to reproach her for her imprudence. It was plain, that the reproaches of her own heart, at this moment, were sufficiently acute: but what was to be done to repair the evil. Mrs. Cole was to stay in Devonshire two months at least. It was proposed, that Rosamond should write to her; she did so, and gave as clear a statement of the

facts as she could, and as pathetic a petition in favour of the orphan.

During the days that elapsed, before an answer to this letter could be received, Rosamond suffered bitterly: nor did the answer, when it arrived, relieve her mind. Mrs. Cole's physicians had advised her, instead of staying in Devonshire, to proceed immediately to the Continent for her health; and she was upon the point of sailing, when she wrote a short, hurried answer to Rosamond's petition. She regretted, she said, the mistakes and misrepresentations that had occurred. She wished that it was now in her power to take the child with her, but it was impossible she could delay her voyage; and she could only hope, that when she should return to England, in the course of six or seven months, she

should be able to take Bessy Bell again: in the mean time, she desired that Bessy might remain with Mrs. White. The letter concluded with a kind message of forgiveness to the child, and of regret for her disappointment.

This message was some consolation to Rosamond. But still she felt very unhappy till a bright idea darted across her imagination, a generous project, which, if she could but execute, would turn all her sorrow into joy. She asked her mother, if she would give her leave to have Bessy Bell, and to take care of her while Mrs. Cole was away. But her mother did not approve of her plan. Changing suddenly from the tone of delight in which she had made the request,

Rosamond exclaimed, " Oh, mamma ! what objections can you have ? "

" Several, my dear, on the child's own account, and with respect to Mrs. Cole, who has desired, that her pupil should remain with Mrs. White. But my chief objection is on your own account."

" My own account ! Oh ! my dear mother, nothing in this world could make me so happy."

" Yes, my dear, I know, that, to your kind heart and generous temper, it would be a great pleasure to do all this—it would be as great a reward as I could give you. But, Rosamond, do you think that you deserve to be rewarded ? "

" I acknowledge that I do not," said Rosamond ; " but have not I been

punished enough, mamma? I see so strongly the bad consequences of my folly and imprudence, I cannot be more convinced than I am, nor more resolved never to fall into the same fault again. All that I have felt has made such a deep impression upon me, I never, never can forget it."

"Do you recollect your former good resolutions, my dear Rosamond," said her mother, "and the *deep impression* made by reading that affecting story?"

"I do, mamma," said Rosamond, colouring; "and I cannot conceive how I could ever forget it, when I was so very much struck and touched by it, and so resolved! But," added she, after a pause, "I do not mean it as an excuse; but I may say, that I did not know, at least I was not quite sure, that it was a true

story; and certainly no story can make such an impression as what is true, and especially what really has happened to oneself."

"And why, Rosamond? Shall I tell you?" said her mother.

"If you please, mamma, and if you can."

"One reason," said her mother, "may be, that the consequences of our actions last longer in real life than in fiction. The moral of a story is read or perceived in three or four minutes; the consequences of our own actions last often for months, for years. If they did not, perhaps we should forget them, and profit as little by experience, even by our own experience, as by good advice, or good stories."

"Oh, mamma, what a reproach," said Rosamond.

“ My love, I do not reproach, or wish to give you pain ; but I speak seriously, because, Rosamond, you are no longer a child, and you must consider not only the present but the future. I know it is your sincere wish to correct your own faults, and to make yourself an amiable woman. This habit of exaggeration, of repeating every thing you hear, is not easily broken ; it is a fault to which we women are, it is said, peculiarly liable, because we have fewer subjects of importance to engage our thoughts, and we come frequently into those little competitions and rivalships, which lead to envy and jealousy, and thence to detraction and slander. Lively people, who can entertain by mimicry, or exaggerated description, are, of all others, the most exposed to continually recurring temp-

tation on that subject; and you, Rosamond, should therefore watch over yourself. Now I will say no more, my dear daughter, judge and decide for yourself."

"Temptations will recur," repeated Rosamond. "Yes, I know they will, when I am again in company, mamma, where example encourages me, and the wish to amuse. Oh! I know, mamma, all the difficulties; and I am convinced, that it is better that all my sorrow should not be turned to joy immediately, or else perhaps I should, as you say, quite forget it. Well, my dear mother, I will prove to you, that I am in earnest resolved to make myself an amiable woman: I submit; I will give up my scheme. I am only sorry for Bessy Bell; but it will do me good for life, I am almost sure. It

will be a great punishment to know and recollect every day, that this poor child is suffering for my imprudence," said Rosamond, in a faltering voice; "but let it be so."

Her mother was so well satisfied, not only with the candour, but with the resolution, which Rosamond showed by this determination, that she mitigated the punishment by giving her permission, that Bessy Bell might come to her every morning for one hour. It was settled, that this must not interfere with any of Rosamond's own lessons or daily duties. The time fixed was, as she had proposed, an hour before breakfast. And, to Rosamond's credit be it recorded, that, well as she loved sleeping late, she was regularly up in good time, and never, even for a single morning, missed hear-

ing this child read, seeing her work, and attending to all that she had learned.

Bessy Bell was sweet tempered and docile, and her gratitude might be depended upon, because she was grateful, not only to Rosamond, but to the benefactress who was at a distance, of whom she often spoke with great affection, and about whose health she expressed great anxiety.

At last, happily for this child and for Rosamond, Mrs. Cole recovered, returned to England, and sent for Bessy Bell, who went to her, and was received by her benefactress again with all her former kindness.

Nothing more is to be known concerning Mrs. Cole and Bessy Bell; but we have the pleasure to assure all, who are interested for Rosamond, that the

pain which she endured, in consequence of the imprudence of which she had been guilty, made a lasting and useful impression upon her mind. Whenever she was tempted to tell an ill-natured anecdote, to amuse or to produce surprise or effect, she recollected Bessy Bell, checked herself, and carefully refrained from any exaggeration, and from all *Petty Scandal*.

AIRS AND GRACES.

ROSAMOND had now arrived at that age, when girls are considered neither quite as children, nor quite as women. She became very desirous to please, and anxious about her appearance and manners. Her mother was in London ; and Rosamond, though she was much too young to *go out*, as it is called, had opportunity of seeing, at her mother's, and of meeting, at different houses, many young companions. Uncertain which of their manners she liked best, or what would best become her, she tried a great variety ; sometimes catch-

ing involuntarily, sometimes purposely imitating, every new tone, look, gesture, and mode of expression of those whom she heard admired, or whom she thought pretty, graceful, or fashionable. In consequence of these imitations and changes of manner, Rosamond had become a little, perhaps not a little, affected.

About this time her brother Godfrey, who had been at school, returned to spend the holidays at home.

One morning, a few days after his arrival, he found Rosamond alone, practising attitudes before a large mirror.

"I am practising; I am going to practise my *chassè* for the quadrille this evening, Godfrey," said she. "You have never seen me dance since I learned quadrilles. — I'll show you my steps."

“Do so,” said Godfrey; “but I am afraid I shall not do as well for you as the glass.”

“Never mind, you’ll do very well: better, indeed, for you can speak to me,” said Rosamond.

And then, in the hope of surprising and delighting him, “she ran her female exercises o’er,” displaying all her newly acquired airs and graces.

Godfrey, when she stopped to take breath, and when she looked towards him with modest expectation of applause, sang, in a mock tone of rapture, the words of an old song,

With an air and a grace,
And a shape and a face,
She charms like beauty’s goddess.

Rosamond was not quite pleased with Godfrey’s tone the first time he sang her praises; but when, at each

pause, as her eye ever involuntarily turned upon him for approbation, he recommenced the same song, she was no longer able to conceal her disappointment, and, in a tone of vexation, she exclaimed, "Godfrey, I do wish you would not sing so!"

"And suppose I was to answer, Rosamond, I do wish you would not dance so."

"How, brother?" asked Rosamond.

"This way," replied he, imitating the affected turns of the head, and all her favourite grimaces, in a ludicrous manner.

"How very odd! how very awkward!" said Rosamond, half laughing. "To be sure nobody could like to see any body dance so."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Godfrey.

"But, my dear Godfrey, I don't dance in that ridiculous way."

"Are you sure that my way is at all more ridiculous than yours?" said Godfrey.

"I can only assure you," said Rosamond, with a little conceited motion of her head, and with a look and tone of decided superiority, "I must only beg leave to assure you, brother, that my way was learned from somebody, who is not thought at all ridiculous, but who is universally admired."

"*Universally* admired! Who can that be?"

"One whom M. Deschamps called 'La reine des sylphes.' Lady Cecilia

Bouverie's niece, too, Susanetta Manners."

"Susanetta Manners! Before I went to school, did not I know one Susan Manners?" said Godfrey.

"One Susan Manners! such a way of speaking! Yes, you did know her, Godfrey, and you thought her very pretty; but she is much prettier now, since she has been in Paris and Italy.

"But how comes she to have turned into Susanetta?" said Godfrey.

"Not *turned* at all," replied Rosamond; "but Susanetta is the Italian for Susan; little Susan, the Italian diminutive, you know. She was always Susanetta in Italy."

"But why not Susan in England," said the downright Godfrey, with a look of stupidity.

"Oh, I don't know, because Su-

sanetta is so much prettier, and shows she has been abroad. She learned to dance from M. Deschamps in Paris; and she, like a dear creature as she is, taught me all her steps, and the right way of doing every thing. So you need not laugh at me, Godfrey."

"Well, I will be serious; you know I am but an ignoramus. Let me see you do it again," said Godfrey; "encore! encore!"

With all the simplicity, all the credulity of vanity, Rosamond recommenced her dance, exhibiting new graces for Godfrey, who, she hoped, was now really in admiration, for he was quite silent, and profoundly attentive; till, just at the moment when the favourite turn of the neck, at the end of the *chassè*, came, he burst forth again,

With an air and a grace,
And a shape and a face,
She charm'd like beauty's god-dess,

bowing when he came to the flourish in the middle of goddess. He sang in so rude and insulting a strain, that Rosamond, stopping in the midst of her dance, exclaimed, "Indeed, Godfrey, you put me out entirely; I can *not* do my *chassè*."

"I am only admiring you, my dear, to the best of my ability; I thought you wanted to be admired."

"No, I do not in the least want you to admire me, Godfrey," said Rosamond; "only do not put me out with that odious 'beauty's god-dess.'"

"What can beauty's goddess have to do with your *chassè*?"

"I don't say that it has any thing to do with it; but"—

At this moment Laura, opening the folding doors of the front drawing room, told Rosamond, that she was ready to play for her, if she was ready to dance.

“ I am quite ready,” said Rosamond, “ if Godfrey will be quiet. Now, brother, do pray,” added she, turning to him with a look and tone of affected distress, “ when I tell you it really annoys me so.”

“ It really annoys you so,” repeated Godfrey. “ An-noys me: I wish I could say *annoy* with that pretty turn of my head, that sweet close of my eyelids, and that languid drawl of my voice. — Rosamond, could you teach me, do you think? Look now, is this it? — It an-noys me so.”

“ Pray, Godfrey, do not be so provoking, so foolish,” said Rosamond.

"Did you never hear the word annoy before. Every body says annoy, I assure you; and if you had not been at school you would have learned it too. But," continued she, "there is poor dear Laura playing *Il Pastorale* for me, wasting her music on the desert air."

"*Il Pastorale*! Poor dear Laura! wasting her sweetness on the desert air," repeated Godfrey. "How fine! I wish I could talk so. How I have wasted my time at school! Oh Virgil! Ovid! Homer! Horace! Cæsar, and all your commentaries! where are you now? What are you all to this?"

"It is too much, Godfrey! I cannot bear it!" cried Rosamond. She ran to the pianoforte, and, stopping Laura's hand, "Stop, and hear me," said she. "Now, Laura, I appeal to

you : when I have not seen Godfrey for such a length of time; and when I expected such pleasure, you know, from his coming home at his holidays, is it kind of him, is not it cruel of him, when I was doing all I could to please him, too; is not it very ill-natured of him to laugh at me, and sing at me, and mimic me?"

Laura was going to speak, but Godfrey put his hand before her mouth.

"Ha! my own dear little sister Rosamond! Now I hear your own voice again; now I see you yourself again; and now I love you with all my heart."

"Love me!" said Rosamond, and tears would have flowed, but pride struggled and repressed them.

"My dear, dear Rosamond," cried Godfrey, "I love you with all my

heart, and that is the very reason I cannot bear to see you any thing but what you really are—so be my own dear Rosamond.”

“ Well ! am not I your own dear Rosamond ? ”

“ Now you are.”

“ I am sure I am the same to you, Godfrey ; I love you as well as ever,” said Rosamond.

“ But I could not love you as well as ever,” said Godfrey, “ if”—

“ If what ? ” said Rosamond. “ Now finish your sentence.”

“ Well, then ; *if* you were to have all those airs and graces that you have lately learned, I could not like you so well, Rosamond. You can’t think how the boys at school hate all affectation ; and I would not for any thing have a sister of mine affected ! ”

“I am sure, Godfrey, I am not affected.—I don’t know what you mean by affectation.—Nobody hates affectation more than I do.”

“I am glad to hear that,” replied Godfrey. “But if you hate it so much, you must acknowledge that you know what I mean by it, else you say you hate you don’t know what. You see, my dear, I have not been at school and learned logic for nothing.”

“Indeed, I see you have not been at school for nothing,” said Rosamond; “you have learned to triumph over, and laugh at your poor little sister.”

“Come, come, I will triumph over you no more, Rosamond,” said Godfrey, kissing her affectionately. “Here is my hand, I promise you I will not laugh at you any more, if you will

be your own dear self. — Only promise me that.”

Rosamond, though now touched by her brother's tone of tenderness and affection, felt some remains of resentment for his former irony, and had a strong desire to make him retract his charge of affectation, on which point she was perhaps the more nice, from a secret consciousness that there was some truth in the reproach. She gave him her hand, but not quite cordially.

“ Upon condition, brother,” said she, “ that you will never say I am affected any more.”

“ Upon condition, Rosamond, that you will never be affected any more,” said Godfrey.

“ But who is to be judge,” said Rosamond ; “ we shall never agree.”

“ But I could hum in a low tone, just loud enough for you, and nobody else to hear.”

“ No, you could not hum ; that will never do,” said Rosamond.

“ Well, then, just the two words, beauty’s goddess ! will do.”

“ No—beauty’s goddess—nonsense : how could you bring them in ?” said Rosamond.

“ Trust to my ingenuity for that,” said Godfrey ; “ or, without my saying a word, this look, Rosamond, will put you in mind, and you will comprehend my meaning, I will answer for it.”

Pleased to see his power over Rosamond, eager to exercise it, and flattering himself that his only motive was the wish to do his sister good, Godfrey spared no opportunity of singing, humming, saying, “ beauty’s goddess,”

calling up his warning look. Rosamond felt sometimes ashamed, sometimes vexed. Often she appealed in private to Laura, who endeavoured, as kindly and gently as she could, to do justice between them, and neither to flatter Rosamond, nor to indulge Godfrey in his love of power, and habit of teasing. Rosamond, sincerely wishing to please her brother, and as earnestly wishing to avoid his dreaded ridicule, laid aside, in the course of a fortnight, most of the little affected habits of which she was conscious; but still there were some remaining to which she adhered, either because they had grown habitual, and she was therefore unconscious of them, or because she thought that they were too becoming, and too like some fashionable and charming model, to be hastily abandoned, even

in complaisance to Godfrey. She thought he might not be a perfect judge of fashion and manner, and that he might be a little prejudiced, a little perverse, and perhaps a little capricious.

One instance, of what she thought caprice in him, she keenly felt. In consequence of his dislike and ridicule of what he had called the twist, and she the turn, of her head in the quadrille, she had taken pains to alter it, and had abandoned various attitudes and graces of the dance which she had learned from Susanetta, "the queen of the sylphs;" Godfrey had thanked her and approved of her, and had declared, he liked her own natural style of dancing a thousand times better.

She was, or she endeavoured to be satisfied with his being pleased, though it was some sacrifice, she thought, to

give up what others admired so much. But Godfrey had not seen Susanetta's dancing, till one night, when he met her at a "children's ball," where she was acknowledged to be the prettiest girl in the room. Rosamond heard some mothers near her wish, that their daughters could dance like Miss Susanetta Manners; and many gentlemen exclaimed, "Graceful! beautiful little creature! certainly she dances inimitably!" "Inimitably! Now," thought Rosamond, "I could imitate that exactly, and did; but I gave it up because Godfrey called it affectation. Yet there he is admiring it, after all."

At the first convenient opportunity, when she and her brother were together, Rosamond reproached him with his inconsistency.

“ So, Godfrey, after all, I saw you admiring Susanetta’s dancing last night.”

“ Certainly,” said he; “ she dances very well.”

“ Very well ! So I told you,” said Rosamond.

“ I am happy to agree with you, sister,” said Godfrey.

“ Happy to disagree with me, you mean ; else why did you laugh at me for the very same way of dancing that you admire in Miss Manners.”

“ It did not appear to me the same,” said Godfrey.

“ But it was the same, I assure you : I imitated her exactly, though some people say she is inimitable,” said Rosamond.

“ By your own account there was one great difference.”

“Great difference! What?”

“That one was original, and the other imitation,” said Godfrey.

“Ah! there was my folly in telling you that I imitated her,” said Rosamond; “if I had not told it to you, you never could have found it out.”

“I beg your pardon, Rosamond; I should have found it out immediately.”

“You! so little used to dancing! pretend to be such a judge! such a connoisseur! If this is not affectation!” cried Rosamond—“I only wish that Laura was here, that I might appeal to her.”

“Without appealing to any body, try me, not only as to your dancing, but as to your manners in general, and I will tell you from whom you imitate various tones, and twists, and words, and even thoughts.”

Rosamond doubted whether he could do so, but not much liking to put him to the proof, she passed over his offer hastily, and said, "Well! but suppose I did imitate those people, what then? Where is the shame? Where is the harm?"

"The shame is in your cheeks at this moment: you blush at being found out," said Godfrey.

"At being suspected," said Rosamond. "But still I don't know the harm of copying what I think engaging or graceful in others."

"Only the chance of making yourself ridiculous and disagreeable," replied Godfrey.

"But why disagreeable? Why ridiculous? Why should that be disagreeable in me," said Rosamond, "which is thought agreeable in an-

other? I come round to my first question."

"And I to my first answer," said Godfrey; "that one is original, and the other imitation; and I detest all imitations, of manners at least."

"But still your detesting them is no reason," said Rosamond.

"Every body detests them!" cried Godfrey.

"*That*, begging your pardon, is a mistake," said Rosamond, "for many people have liked and admired in me the very same things that you *detest*. So you see there's no disputing about tastes. But why do you detest imitations? Now, for the sake of argument, as you say, Godfrey, suppose that you were one of the persons who did not find out the difference, why should not my dancing, or my manner,

in all those little things that you dislike, be as agreeable as the originals, if the imitation is quite perfect."

"But I tell you there is always this difference, that one is natural and the other affected; and though some few may be taken in for a little time, it is always found out at last,"

"And when it is found out, why is it disagreeable," persisted Rosamond.

"Oh, you are arguing in a circle," cried Godfrey, impatiently.

"*We* are," said Rosamond, "and I can't help it."

"And I can't bear it," said Godfrey; "so I am off."

Rosamond felt that she was not convinced by any thing he had said, and saw that he went off because he was not able to explain himself farther, or to give her any farther reason or an-

swer to her questions. She, after this conversation, became much less submissive to his opinion, and even withstood his ridicule, in a manner that surprised him. Sometimes she relapsed, as he said, into her former follies, and then he exerted all his wit and power over her, not only to cure her, as he professed, but to prove that he was in the right, and to obtain the victory. Rosamond at last became quite puzzled, and her manners suddenly altered, and grew constrained and awkward, especially when Godfrey was present. When he was out of the room she was more at her ease, but her manner was not more natural or agreeable, because, when relieved from his observation, and from the fear of his laughing at her, she took the opportunity of trying experiments on new graces, which she

found, or fancied she found, succeeded with new spectators.

All this had not passed unobserved by her mother, who, one morning at breakfast, took notice of some sudden change in Rosamond's look and manner when Godfrey came into the room, and asked her to explain the cause of her sudden silence, reserve, and constraint. Rosamond, blushing, and seeming yet more constrained and embarrassed, said only, she was sorry, but she could not help feeling awkward sometimes.

This answer not being quite satisfactory, Godfrey could not forbear smiling: but then Rosamond's discomfiture increasing, and Laura looking at him reproachfully, he became serious, and a very awkward silence ensued for at least five minutes, which appeared,

to the parties concerned, of incalculable length. Indeed, Rosamond doubted whether it ever would end, or how, or who would next venture to speak: she was certain she could not, she hoped Godfrey would not, and she wondered Laura did not. Laura understood her wishes, and made the effort, but what she said will never reach posterity, as not a creature present heard or understood more, than that it was some observation on hot rolls.

“ I believe, mother,” exclaimed Godfrey; “ I am the cause of it all; for I believe I have gone too far, and done more harm than good. Poor Rosamond ! I have plagued her too much, and I am very sorry for it.”

“ Well, then, if you are, it’s all over,” said Rosamond; “ I am sure I forgive you with all my heart, and there is an

end of the matter—only don't let us say any more about it."

"My dear Rosamond," said her father, "I love your generous, forgiving, amiable temper: it is particularly amiable in a woman to be ready to yield, and avoid disputing about trifles. And I am convinced this will make your brother more careful not to tease you ;

And trust, my dear, good humour will prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scold-
ings fail.

"But, papa," said Rosamond, shrinking back a little as her father was going to kiss her, "I am afraid I don't quite deserve *it*, for it was not all, or *only* good humour that made me in such a hurry to forgive Godfrey, and that made me say, Let us say no more about it; I was rather ashamed of tell-

ing before you, and mamma, and *every body* all about it."

"Who do you mean by *every body*, Rosamond, my dear," said her mother. "Here are only your father, your sister, your brothers, and myself. Which of us stands for *every body*?"

"I suppose I must be *every body*," said Orlando, as Rosamond timidly looked towards him. "Since I am such a terrific person, I'll go away as soon as I have swallowed this cup of tea."

"Pray don't go, Orlando," said Rosamond. "It is better for me that you should stay; indeed, my dear Orlando, it is my real wish."

She pressed so urgently upon his shoulder, that he could not rise, in opposition to what he felt was her "real wish."

“And now, my dear, go on,” said her father.

“You must know, then, papa,” said Rosamond, “that Godfrey’s dispute and mine—I mean Godfrey’s argument and mine, was about *affectation*.”

It seemed to be with some shame or difficulty that she pronounced the word *affectation*.

“Affectation, my dear,” said her father, “is, after all, as the wise and indulgent Locke has observed, only a mistaken attempt to please.”

“Mistaken, indeed!” cried Orlando, and he spoke with a tone and look of contempt, which Rosamond deeply felt. But Orlando was so much taken up with his own thoughts, that he did not perceive the effect of his words.

“ Well, Rosamond, go on,” said her father.

“ As soon as I can — as soon as I can recollect what I was going to say, papa ; I do not know, then, exactly what is meant by affectation.”

“ Not know what is meant by affectation !” cried Orlando, turning with a look of astonishment.

“ Oh, Rosamond ! Rosamond !” said Godfrey.

“ Take your own time, my dear Rosamond,” said her mother ; “ your father will hear you patiently.”

“ That I will, if I sit here till dinner time,” said her father.

“ Heaven forbid,” thought Godfrey, making some sort of interjection, between a sigh and a groan ; but without minding him, his father attended to Rosamond.

of those who are most admired — then comes the outcry against affectation.”

“ And very justly, surely,” said Orlando.

“ I say nothing,” said Godfrey.

“ But I say,” continued Rosamond, “ there is my great difficulty, papa, to know where wrong imitation begins, and where right imitation ends.”

“ That is a sensible question, and not easy to answer,” said her father; “ but I will answer you from your own words. As long as people imitate only what is of established form and custom in manners they are not affected: when they begin voluntarily to imitate pretty motions and ways, as you call them, and when they do this with the aim of pleasing, by what they are conscious is not their own manner, then they are affected.”

“ And why should not we imitate what is agreeable in others, and why does it displease people ? ” said Rosamond. “ If the things please in one person, why should not they please in another ? ”

“ There may be many reasons for this, Rosamond : if you have patience to hear them all, I will endeavour to explain them.”

“ I ! Oh, *I* have patience,” said Rosamond.

“ In the first place, you take it for granted, that the *pretty ways* imitated are really agreeable : this may be a mistake : they may have pleased, and have been admired, merely because they belonged to some pretty person ; and when they are imitated by one less pretty, they may not only

have no longer any power to please, but they may be ridiculous."

"The very truth!" said Godfrey, "though I could not explain it."

"I understand," said Rosamond: "but suppose, papa, that the motions and manners are really in themselves graceful and agreeable, then why should not we imitate them?"

"I will not stop you at present, my dear, to inquire what manners are in themselves *really graceful*, because this would lead us too far; but take it for granted that they are such, still the exact imitation would not please, because what suits in one person will not suit in another; the figure, or the manner in general, may be so different from the manner imitated as to strike us with the contrast and unfitness. Sup-

pose you put the arms and legs of a clumsy statue to the body of a thin one, or a young and beautiful head upon the body of a statue representing an aged, wrinkled figure, would not the unfitness, and incongruity, and want of agreement in the whole, strike you?"

"Certainly," said Rosamond, laughing.

"And suppose," continued her father, "that if, instead of merely changing arms and legs, the statues were allowed the powers of motion, will, and imitation, do you think that any whole statue could, with any chance of pleasing, assume the attitude and air of another? Suppose the well-clothed statue of Minerva was set in motion, and assumed the air of Canova's Venus or Hebe; or suppose

Hebe tried to look like Niobe, or to assume the helmet and the air of Minerva, would not this be monstrous or ridiculous?"

"Yes; but those are such very different figures and characters," said Rosamond. "Surely some might be better suited, if not among statues, papa, among real people."

"Yet," said her father, "we seldom, if ever, see two persons so much alike in person and mind, that manners which suit the one would become the other; therefore even exact imitation would appear awkward, unfit, unnatural, or disagreeable, or, in short, what we call affected. But I began by supposing the most favourable case, where the imitation is as perfect as possible; but this rarely occurs. In most imitations of manner there is

some failure, some exaggeration, some awkwardness, or some apparent consciousness or effort, which betrays that the manner is not natural, and this effort it is painful to the spectator to see."

"Very painful!" said Orlando, writhing himself. "I have felt tired, as if I had been hard at work, when I have been in company with an affected person; doubly tired—tired for myself, and tired for the person, who works so hard to no purpose."

"Besides, there is another disagreeable feeling we have when in company with affected people," said Laura. "I am always afraid, that they should perceive that I have found them out, and that I dislike them; they are all the time trying to conceal what I cannot help discovering."

“ I confess I have felt this,” said Rosamond, “ with affected people.”

“ But then each person hopes they may not be found out, though others are,” said Godfrey.

“ So far for affectation of mere external manners,” said his father, “ what we may call bodily affectation: but when we go farther, and consider the imitation of sentiments, feelings, and opinions, what may be called mental affectation, the affectation, for instance, of sensibility or vivacity, then we dislike the imitators still more: we not only despise those, who attempt to please us by pretending to sentiments or feelings which are not their own, but we resent the endeavour to impose upon us.”

“ But, papa,” interrupted Rosamond, “ now you are speaking of dis-

simulation and falsehood, not mere affectation."

"And is not all affectation a sort of dissimulation?" said her father: "and is there not some falsehood in all affectation?"

"Surely there is," said Orlando; "that is the reason why I detest and despise it. It is impossible to sympathise with affected people; whether they pretend to feel joy, or grief, or surprise, or delight, it is all overdone; we do not understand their real feelings, and we cannot sympathise with what is not true or natural. I never could love or make a friend of an affected person."

While Orlando, with a vehemence of indignation uncommon in him, uttered these words, Rosamond's colour grew deeper and deeper, and there came the choaking feeling in her

throat : at last she exclaimed, " Now I have lost all ! Orlando, too ! This was the reason I was at first afraid of his staying—of his hearing. I had a feeling, that he hated and despised affectation ! "

" And what then, my dear ? " said the astonished Orlando.

" His thoughts," cried Godfrey, " were at least four hundred miles off, I'll engage."

" Exactly," said Orlando, " for they were at Edinburgh, with a person I saw there last week."

" I am glad of it," said Rosamond, recovering a little; " I am sure I am glad your thoughts were not with me, when you gave that look. One look of contempt from Orlando is worse to me than all your ridicule, Godfrey."

" I do not understand above a third

of what is going on here," said Orlando. "You do not mean, Godfrey, that Rosamond, *my* sister Rosamond, is affected? When I went to Edinburgh she was the most natural little creature I ever knew; and I see no difference in her now, but that she has grown taller and rather prettier, which is a good thing, as she is to be a woman, and which I am very glad to see.—That's all I have to say."

The abrupt and drolly grave manner in which Orlando said this, viewing Rosamond from head to foot as he spoke, and finishing by turning her round and contemplating her back, made Godfrey burst into laughter, and proved a happy relief to Rosamond's embarrassment.

"Bravo! my dear absent brother!

Cheer up, Rosamond, my' girl ! All is safe."

" But," said Rosamond, gaining fresh courage, " mamma has said nothing ; I must know what mamma thinks ; I must ask her one question : Mamma, did you ever see in me—did you ever think me—you know what I mean ? "

" Yes, my dear, I do know what you mean," said her mother, smiling ; " and since you ask the question, I must answer, and acknowledge, that I have sometimes lately seen some little airs and graces, and have seen many different manners, none of which I liked as well as your own."

" But, my dear mother, why did not you tell me of these things," said Rosamond.

“ Because, my dear, they changed so quickly, that there was no danger of their becoming habitual ; I left you to try your own little experiments, trusting to your good sense and good taste to find out and settle at last, that what is natural in manner is best.”

“ But a word or two, a hint from you, mamma, would have saved me all this ! And would not it have been better ? ”

“ No, my dear, I think not : I saw what was going on between you and Godfrey, and I was willing that you should hear his opinion—this was for so much experience. A little of his raillery, I knew, would be of more service than a great deal of my grave advice. Frequent advice and remonstrance to young people, about

their manners, is apt to do more harm than good."

"Yes; even I said a little too much, and gave a little too much good advice, you see," said Godfrey; "I made her feel awkward."

"I am very glad, Godfrey, that you perceive this," continued his mother. "It is of the greatest consequence to your sister, that she should not become constrained in the company of her own family and best friends, not merely because this would make them disagreeable to her, but because it might lessen the candour and openness of her character."

"Very true," said Rosamond.

"Very true, indeed," said Godfrey; "I know I went too far, and I will not do it again. Now, father, shall we go

to the riding house, for it is almost time; I want to show you how well I can sit Curvette to day."

"Stay, my boy," said his father, "your sister looks as if she had something more to say."

"More!" said Godfrey.

"Only one thing more: I wish, papa, before we go, that you, and mamma, and all of you would fix upon some person whom you would wish that I should be like: though I must not imitate parts of different manners, not suited to me, I may fix upon one model for imitation, surely. You know you hear people say to their daughters, Make such a person your model: now, mamma, give me a model. If Laura was out of the room I should say—somebody. Who would you say, mamma?"

“ I should say nobody, my dear,” replied her mother.

“ And I should say the same,” said her father.

“ Indeed ! but then how can *I* form my manners,” cried Rosamond.

“ I hear people continually talking of *forming the manners*. Now I really do not exactly know what is meant by a *manner*, mamma, nor how to set about to acquire it.”

“ I might almost venture to assert,” said her father, “ that those who have the best manners have no *manner* at all. To form your own, my dear, without making any one particular person your model, observe all those who have the most amiable and agreeable manners ; try to find out the cause, the principle, on which their power of pleasing depends, and this you may

apply to your own use. Imperceptibly, involuntarily, without conscious imitation of any particular person, you will acquire that air and manner which is common to well bred people. It has been said, and truly, that good breeding is the result of good nature and good sense. Be attentive to others, and good natured, and you will not fail to please. When you see more of the world, observe, and you will find, that in the best company in the higher, in the highest ranks, those who have the most agreeable manners, and the manners most admired by the best judges, are perfectly free from affectation."

"Quite above it," said Orlando. "In all ranks of life, those, who have strong minds, those, who depend upon themselves, and who do not want, on

every trifling occasion, the applause of others, are never affected. You generally see weakness, vanity, and affectation go altogether."

"Generally, but not always," said Laura. "Affectation and humility sometimes go together: those, as you say, who have not sufficient dependence on themselves, are apt to lean on the opinions of others, and to affect any manner, which they think more pleasing than their own."

"From this time forward," said Rosamond, "I am determined, that neither humility nor vanity shall ever make me affected again as long as I live; and thank you, papa, for staying from your ride, and assisting me to go to the bottom of the business, and for explaining all the reasons."

"My dear Rosamond, you may

now depend more securely on your good resolution against affectation, since your understanding is really convinced of its folly, than if you were only afraid of Godfrey's ridicule, or of Orlando's contempt: your brothers will not be always with you, or some other influence may sometimes rival theirs; but the conviction of your understanding will be always with you, and must ever last the same."

"But Godfrey did me a great deal of good, too," said Rosamond, "though it was a little disagreeable at the time."

"You are the best tempered, as well as best natured sister in the world," said Godfrey. "So come all of you, and see me sit Curvette. And, Rosamond, I promise you," added he, in a whisper,

“there shall be an end with me for ever of ‘a shape and a face,’ and odious ‘beauty’s goddess.’”

“And I promise you,” said Rosamond, “there shall be an end with me for ever of airs and graces.”

THE
NINE DAYS' WONDER.

"LAUGH on! laugh on, Rosamond!" cried Godfrey. "Why not laugh in this world, at every thing and every body that is ridiculous."

"But oh! my dear Godfrey! I must not laugh at my *friends*," said Rosamond, checking herself, as he was beginning to mimic an elderly lady, who had been very kind to her.

Laura, who was present, looked up from her drawing with a countenance which plainly said, "Right, Rosa-

mond!" and which almost as plainly implied, "Wrong, Godfrey."

Godfrey, a little piqued, immediately made a low bow, with mock solemnity, to Laura, and said, "I submit with all due deference to the Lady Laura Graveairs, who is Propriety personified, with a camel's hair pencil in her mouth!"

"You shall not make me laugh, Godfrey, I assure you," said Rosamond, "either at Laura, or at my friend Mrs. Egerton."

"As you please, my dear; be as grave and as stupid as you please, by way of being *very good*. But pray, Rosamond, now I recollect," continued he, "is not this grand Mrs. Egerton the lady of the black bonnet, the very woman you took such a dislike to, once

upon a time, because she had a pinch in her bonnet?"

"That was when I was a child, *quite*," said Rosamond.

"Oh! and now you are a woman *quite*!" replied Godfrey, "and a lady *quite*—the Lady Rosamond Graveairs, who is trying to prim up her mouth, and look like that model of perfection, the Lady Laura. Let me try, now, if I can please you, ladies.—I will practise in this glass. Now, Rosamond, is this right?—No; I am afraid it is not quite the thing yet; I cannot keep the corners of my mouth down to the true Graveair point.—Stay, now I have Laura's mouth—look!"

"I will not laugh," repeated Rosamond.

"What! not when I choose to make you laugh?" said Godfrey. "I defy

tle, and care nothing about these Egertons," continued he; "but I am tired of hearing of their excellencies: and besides, I own, I think Rosamond gives up too much of her time, during my holidays, to them: I think her wrong there; and so, with your leave, my dear, on your own principles, I shall do right to laugh her out of that: I shall do my best, depend upon it, to laugh her out of her love and reverence for their Excellencies."

"No, no, you will not do that, I think," said Laura.

"We shall see," said Godfrey.
"Do you defy me?"

"I do not defy you," said Laura, "for I know that would be the way to provoke you to make the trial: but the truth is, my dear Godfrey, that I have too good an opinion of you to believe that you would do this, even if

you could ; and I have too good an opinion of Rosamond to think you could if you would."

"Finely said ! only too great a jingle of *goods*, *coulds*, and *woulds*—my eloquent sister Antithesis," said Godfrey. "And as to the plain matter of fact, my dear, your good opinion of Rosamond and of me is, I have a notion, equally ill founded, as I shall have the honour of proving to you before a week be at an end.—Pray what is to day ?—Wednesday. Then I have just nine days left of my holidays, and to-morrow I begin my operations. But you will keep my council ? You will not give her warning ?"

"I am not of your council ; I will certainly give her warning," said Laura.

"That's not fair," said Godfrey ;

“ but do so and welcome ; so sure of my game am I, that I will give you up the first move, only let us settle what we shall acknowledge to be *game*. Let me see—Rosamond plagues me by going every morning, at some regular time (which, by the bye, I hate), to her dear Mrs. Pinch-bonnet’s, to do something or other *with* her, or *for* her, I don’t know what ; and when I remonstrated yesterday, Rosamond had the assurance to tell me, with an emphatic nod of her dear little impertinent head, that she would never give up that hour to me —”

“ And I do not think she will,” said Laura.

“ Then this shall be my point,” said Godfrey ; “ if I make her give it up I have the victory. Oh, rare diversion I shall have, at any rate ! A fine trial

of skill ! A fair trial of my power ;
and if against yours, my dear Laura,
so much the better ! so much the more
glorious the victory ! If you will, I'll
give you leave to call it the *nine days'*
wonder ; so good morning to you. At
Rosamond's appointed hour, to-morrow,
I'll meet you and her, tongue to tongue,
and my motto shall be,

Let those laugh now, who never laugh'd before,
Let those, who always laugh'd, now laugh the
more."

At Rosamond's *appointed hour*, as
Godfrey called it, she was in the habit
of going regularly to read to her old
friend, Mrs. Egerton, who was con-
fined to her room by rheumatism ; she
had so much lost her hearing, that she
was obliged to use a trumpet in com-
mon conversation ; but there were some
voices, to which she had been long ac-

customed, and some persons, who spoke very distinctly, and who had the art of pitching their voice so as to suit her ear so well as to prevent the necessity of using her trumpet. Of this number was Rosamond, whose voice was peculiarly pleasing to her, as she could bear it when it was not raised above the usual tone of conversation. Rosamond read aloud very well. Mrs. Egerton, who had a strong and lively taste for the pleasure of reading, and a quick and grateful feeling of any attention and kindness from her friends, especially from Rosamond, of whom she was excessively fond, enjoyed so much that time of the day, when Rosamond read to her, that she called it *her happy hour*. She looked forward to it, as she said, when she lay awake in the night ; or when she wakened in the morning,

it was her first pleasant idea. Rosamond, to whom Mrs. Egerton had shown constant kindness ever since their first acquaintance in the days of the India Cabinet, was delighted to have this opportunity of showing her gratitude, and of contributing to her old friend's daily comfort. Mrs. Egerton had this season taken a house so near to that in which Rosamond lived, and so situated, that she could pass and repass through the Green Park in a few minutes at any time, without the difficulties which in town usually attend the exits and entrances of young ladies. Her mother had given her leave to go to Mrs. Egerton's constantly, provided always, that she should be punctual to the hour, when a servant was appointed to attend her: but it was a rule, that if she were not ready

you think me such a poor, weak, despicable creature, that you can by a little ridicule laugh me out of my friends, and out of my gratitude, and out of my principles, and out of my senses: and this is the way you return all my love and confidence! But do your best, do your worst, I hope, I trust you will find, that well as I love you, brother Godfrey, your power over me does not go quite so far as this comes to. I am not quite such an idiot, nor quite so ungrateful: if I were, I should very ill deserve such friends as I have."

"Meaning their Excellencies," said Godfrey, speaking with the most provoking composure.

"Brother, if *you* mean Mrs. Egerton and Doctor Egerton, you may call them their Excellencies, or what you

please, as long as you please, you will never make them ridiculous, for they are not ridiculous."

"Certainly, if they are not ridiculous I cannot make them ridiculous," said Godfrey: "that's a truth, or a truism."

"A truth I think you'll find it," said Rosamond. "With all your wit, Godfrey, there is nothing like truth: and as the gentleman who dined here yesterday said, 'Ridicule is the test of truth.'"

"Take it the other way," said Laura, "as my father said to him, 'Truth is, or ought to be, the test of ridicule.'"

"Oh! ladies, one at a time, for pity's sake," cried Godfrey: "between two such sharp choppers of logic, what will become of a poor blockhead like

at that moment, she was not to go at any other time of the day, and then her old friend missed, for that day, *her happy hour*. Gratitude, and the pleasure of giving pleasure, had been sufficiently powerful to make Rosamond, what all who knew her once despaired of her ever being, very punctual. She was now reading *Waverley* to her friend; and as she had a quick ear, and had caught many varieties of Scotch pronunciation, which she learned during a visit she paid in her childhood to a friend of her father's in Scotland, she could do greater justice to the admirable scenes in that romance than many a more experienced English reader.

It is doing necessary justice to Godfrey to premise, that he, having been at school for some time past, knew

did not know it was fine ; I spoke just from my heart."

" And you went *just* to my heart," said Godfrey, " by one thing, about love and confidence. Oh, Rosamond ! that was too serious, too bitter."

" I did not mean to be bitter," replied Rosamond ; " but I own I was a little angry at your thinking me such an idiot, and so changeable."

" And could you imagine, that I think you an idiot ?" said Godfrey. " There's nobody living has a better opinion of your understanding than I have. Proof positive — Should I argue and reason with you continually if I had not ? If I did not think you my equal, would there be any pleasure or any glory in conquering you ?"

" To be sure, there is some truth in

that," said Rosamond; "but I know, Godfrey, that you think me weak."

"If you call being good-natured being weak," replied Godfrey, "I don't deny that I think you weak; and I should be very sorry to have a sister, who had not this sort of feminine weakness. I don't like women, who are as strong as Hercules."

"Not as Hercules, to be sure," said Rosamond.

"But strength of mind and of body are different," said Laura; "and surely strength of mind is not unfeminine."

"Unpleasing, which comes to the same thing," said Godfrey.

"Seriously, brother," said Rosamond, "do you think me so easily governed by ridicule?"

"Honestly, sister, I do not think

that you are to be 'touched and moved' by ridicule *alone*: nor should I like any girl who pretends to be *ridicule proof*: I would as soon have her bullet proof; a woman is never called on to stand to be shot at, or to stand to be laughed at; in either case she makes a woefully awkward figure."

"But, Godfrey," said Laura, "might not she be in rather a worse condition, and end by being worse than an awkward figure, if she could never bear to be laughed at when in the right? Then, indeed, she would be a poor, weak, despicable creature, who could, by a little ridicule, be laughed out of her principles, and her gratitude, and her friends."

"It is time to go to Mrs. Egerton!" cried Rosamond, suddenly starting

up. "So good morning to you, brother."

"Gone, I declare! and I am conquered!" said Godfrey, as she left the room; "but it is only the first day. You need not look so proud and delighted, Laura; I don't value losing a day."

"So I see," said Laura.

The second morning, full five minutes before the appointed hour, Godfrey found Rosamond with her bonnet on, and a watch upon the table before her, while she and Laura were sitting drawing.

"Prepared, I see, Rosamond!" said Godfrey. "The combined forces drawn up!" added he, looking at Laura. "Two to one against me, which shows that you are desperately

afraid. If I were you, Rosamond, I should be quite ashamed to call in assistance to keep my own wise and good resolutions."

"I did not call in any assistance," said Rosamond.

"Nor need she be ashamed of it, if she had," said Laura. "Rosamond is too wise to be ashamed of having the advice and assistance of her friends."

"So I perceive," said Godfrey, looking at Rosamond, who did her very best not to appear out of countenance. "But, for my part," continued Godfrey, "I would not give the ninety-ninth part of a straw for man, woman, or child, who cannot keep their own good resolutions, without having a flapper beside them, to put

them in mind of what they ought to do."

"Do you remember, brother," said Laura, "your wish, when you were reading that story in the *Adventurer*, last week?"

"Not I. What wish?" said Godfrey. "What story?"

"Don't you remember," said Laura, "when you were reading the story of Amureth and his ring, which always pressed his finger when he was going to do any thing wrong?"

"Yes; I wished to have such a ring," said Godfrey.

"Well, a friend is as good as such a ring," said Rosamond; "for a friend is, as somebody observed, a *second conscience*; I may call Laura my *second conscience*."

“Mighty fine! but I don’t like secondary conscience; a first conscience is, in my opinion, a better thing,” said Godfrey.

“You may have that too,” said Rosamond.”

“Too! but I’d rather have it alone,” said Godfrey. “There is something so cowardly in not daring to stand alone.”

“You are a man, and are bound to be courageous,” said Rosamond; “I am a woman, and may be allowed not to be so bold.”

“Now Laura looks so proud, and so much delighted with that speech, because it is vastly like one of her own proud-humility speeches. But that’s not your natural character, Rosamond, my dear, and you will never hold it long; and remember what my father

said, that mental affectation is worse than bodily affectation."

"Oh! Godfrey, how unjust!" cried Rosamond, "to call my trying to do right affectation. Now, Laura, is not he wrong?"

"Very wrong indeed, and he knows it," said Laura.

Godfrey made no reply, but began to whistle.

"Reduced to whistling!" cried Rosamond. "I have observed, that Godfrey is always in a bad way when he whistles; he whistles for want of something to say."

In her triumph, Rosamond might perhaps have forgotten to look at the watch, which lay on the table, and might not have observed, that the hand was within a few seconds of the appointed hour, had not Laura held the

watch before her eyes. Immediately Rosamond disappeared, crying, "The second hand is not yet at the appointed hour."

"It is good to have a *second hand* conscience, I acknowledge," said Godfrey, as she shut the door.

"And good to be able to pay oneself with a pun for having no conscience at all," said Laura, smiling.

This pun was all Godfrey had to console him for this day's failure. But what were two days to him, who had seven in store! He scorned them, as a first-rate player at draughts throws his men away, or seems to throw them away carelessly in the onset, trusting, that success in the beginning will induce that self-confidence, which leads to ultimate defeat.

On the third morning Rosamond

was proud to be alone, hoping thus to prove, as she said, to Godfrey, that she needed no second-hand conscience."

"And pray, my dear," said Godfrey, "a propos to second hand, what is this strange machine that you have on the table?"

"This watch, do you mean?" said Rosamond.

"Aye, this huge, ugly, clumsy, warming pan of a watch: I never saw such a ridiculous thing in my life."

"You say this, brother, only because you know whose it is: let me tell you, that this watch is a great curiosity. You don't know its value."

"Its value, I presume, depends on its having had the honour to belong to old Mrs. Pinch-bonnet; a frightful pinchbeck thing it is!"

"Gold, not pinchbeck," said Rosa-

mond; "made before pinchbeck existed: it belonged to Charles the Second, and is one of the first watches that ever was made in England, and it goes remarkably well."

"And pray where is it to go in future?" said Godfrey. "Is it to go by your side, Rosamond, or to hang round your neck in this manner; my dear, its weight will strangle you."

"Round my neck! oh no, brother."

"Next your heart, then; this way: an antiquarian keepsake from dearest dear Mrs. Pinch-bonnet."

"I am not going to wear it," said Rosamond. "The watch is not mine, I am only making a case to hang it in, to stand upon the chimney-piece in Dr. Egerton's study."

"Clock and watch, and pendule case maker to the Reverend Dr. Eger-

ton," cried Godfrey, "that is an honour indeed! I do not wonder you look so cock-a-hoop."

"Cock-a-hoop!" repeated Rosamond, with cool disdain; "such a vulgar expression!"

"Not elegant enough for Mrs. Pinchbonnet's pet, or pettish pupil," said Godfrey.

"Poor wit," said Rosamond.

"But here is something superlatively elegant," cried Godfrey, looking with mock admiration at a pendule stand, which Rosamond was making; "is this a clock case which I see before me?"

"Brother, it is really ill-natured to laugh at every thing I do," said Rosamond.

"At every thing you do! No, my dear," said Godfrey, "only at

every thing you do for Mrs. Pinchbonnet."

"As if there was the least wit in eternally repeating *Mrs. Pinchbonnet*," said Rosamond; "and as if that could alter my opinion of her!"

"It seems to alter your opinion of me," said Godfrey; "and if it can produce so great an effect, why not the lesser; for I suppose you don't *yet* love Mrs., I must not say Pinchbonnet, quite so well as you do poor me, your own flesh and blood, brother, and once your friend, Rosamond. Tell me, do you like these curmudgeons as well as you like me?"

"Nonsense! you know very well; but I will not answer that question: I must, however, observe, brother, that you are quite wrong to call such excellent people *curmudgeons*."

“ Why so, Rosamond ? Excellent people may be curmudgeons.”

“ No, brother ; pray look in Johnson’s Dictionary, and you will find, that curmudgeon comes from *cœur-mechant*, a bad heart ; now nobody ever had a better heart than Mrs. Egerton.”

“ Except dear old wiggy, her brother,” said Godfrey ; “ how could you forget him, ungrateful Rosamond ! Poor dear old excellentissimo wiggy !”

“ How can you make me laugh at such nonsense !” said Rosamond.

“ How can I ?” said Godfrey ; “ I really do not know ; but I am right glad to see you laugh once more ; for, seriously, Rosamond, you are infinitely more agreeable when you are your own merry self, than when you look like old Mrs. Egerton, and set up for a prim Pattern-of-perfection-miss in her teens.”

"I never set up for any pattern of perfection ; and I did not mean to be prim ; and I don't believe that I look like old Mrs. Egerton," said Rosamond.

"You don't believe you look like her ! My dear, you are growing as like her as ever you can stare."

"Stare ! but I don't stare, nor Mrs. Egerton neither ; and you never used such vulgar expressions till lately."

"Translate it into what elegant terms you will," said Godfrey, "the fact remains the same ; you are growing very like your friend, Mrs. Egerton."

"Impossible, brother ! An old lady of her age ! How ridiculous !"

"How ridiculous, indeed !"

"But in what, or how can I be like her ?"

“ In a hundred things ; but let me alone now, Rosamond, I have no more time to talk ; I want to read, really ; where is my book ? ”

Godfrey sat down to read, and after five minutes silence, Rosamond could not refrain from saying,

“ Seriously, Godfrey, *do* pray tell me in what I am growing like Mrs. Eger-ton, and explain what you mean by my prim ways.”

“ My dear, pray let me alone now : I must read,” replied he, shaking off her hand from his shoulder.

Rosamond was silent for some minutes, and then said, “ I will only ask you one question, brother : were you in earnest when you said I was growing disagreeable ? ”

“ Oh, don’t plague me, Rosamond,” said Godfrey, impatiently.

"Plague you ! Oh brother ! when you plague me for ever. What can I do to please you ?" cried Rosamond.

"You don't want to please me," replied Godfrey. "Go and please Mrs. Egerton."

"But cannot I please you both?" said Rosamond; "I am sure I love you both."

"May be so, but you cannot please us both ; so please yourself, I advise you : go, it's just time ; go and read to your *new* friend, and leave me in peace to read to myself."

"Are you really serious, Godfrey ? If I thought you were really serious—" said poor Rosamond.

Fortunately for her, Laura came in- to the room at this moment, to remind her what o'clock it was.

Rosamond took the bonnet, which Laura put into her hand, and moved toward the door, but still looked back anxiously at Godfrey, who, in a mock heroic tone, exclaimed,

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

And *such* a hand ! Oh *such* a hand !” added he.

His emphasis recalled the idea of poor Mrs. Egerton’s maimed hand. Rosamond put on her bonnet directly, and turned away decidedly.

“ Oh ! brother,” said she, “ now I am certain you are only acting a part to try me ; for you could not, I am sure, be so cruel as to laugh at bodily infirmity ; especially when you know,

as well as I do, *how* that hand was burned. Thank you, Laura, for coming to warn me; you are my good genius."

"And my evil genius," cried Godfrey, the moment Rosamond had left the room. "I wish, Laura, that you had staid away; you won this day for her; if you had but staid away five minutes longer I should have gained my point; Rosamond was such a fool when you were away, my dear! And she grew so wise the moment you came near her; she found my tricks out directly."

"Yes; and when tricks are found out, you know," said Laura, "the tricker loses his power."

"Not at all: Rosamond will be just such a fool again, you will see—no, you will not see, for it must be when

you are not by ; she grows in sense so prodigiously whenever you come near. But if that should always be her doom in life it would be inconvenient," said Godfrey, " and very ridiculous."

" Ridiculous ! But, Godfrey, is all you think of, how ridiculous your friends will look ? "

" I beg your pardon, my dear," interrupted Godfrey ; but I have just thought of an excellent allusion. Did you ever know that Venus was frightened, when she found Cupid never grew ; and she complained to old Jupiter, and asked what she should do to make him grow ; and Jupiter, or Minerva, or some of the wise ones, told her, that her boy should never grow till he had a brother ; so presently he had a brother, and Anteros was his name, as much wiser than

Cupid as you are wiser than Rosamond, my dear; and the gods ordained, that whenever Anteros should come near Cupid, Cupid should grow up; but whenever Anteros should go away, Cupid should sink down again; so he ended, by being the little fellow he is. Just as Rosamond grows in sense when Laura comes near, and sinks down again when Laura goes away. Oh! a capital allusion! if I could but make it out neatly: Folliott Brown shall do it for me; and it pays me for losing my day. Tremble for to-morrow!—you see I am no fool. Tremble, guardian angels all!”

The morning of the fourth day came, and Godfrey this day began, not with “How ridiculous,” but with “How beautiful! My dear Laura! My dear Rosamond! how beautifully you

have done this drawing! Which of you did it?"

"It is Laura's drawing for my pendule case," said Rosamond. "It is to be in a tablet at the bottom: won't it be beautiful? It is Guido's Aurora and the dancing Hours; has not Laura diminished them well from that large engraving?"

"Admirably, indeed! But what are these little winged creatures in the circle above?"

"Those are the Minutes, the little winged Minutes flying away, and the motto," continued Rosamond, eagerly, "the motto is mine, Franklin's, I mean, but of my choosing for the clock case: pray listen to the motto, Godfrey: 'Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.'"

Godfrey admired the motto, and

went on admiring every thing that was shown to him, till he so far succeeded in engaging the attention of both the pleased artists, that he flattered himself they would take care neither of the minutes nor the hours. But even in the midst of a compliment he was paying to Laura's Apollo, and to the ease with which he held the reins, Laura, faithful to her charge, pointed to the watch, and reminded Rosamond that it was time to depart.

"But surely she is not tied to a minute, more or less," said Godfrey; don't drive her away *yet*, time enough yet: stay, Rosamond, don't take your portfolio away, I have not half looked it over."

"There's my portfolio," said Rosamond, "keep it as long as you please; but I must go, my dear Godfrey; I

must be punctual; Mrs. Egerton likes it; and, as mamma says, when we do any thing for our friends, we should take care to do it in the way which they like."

"Aye, do it then in the way Mrs. Egerton likes," cried Godfrey, then really vexed. "So tiresome! so ridiculous to hear of nothing but Mrs. Egerton. I begin absolutely to hate the sound of that woman's name."

"Because you know nothing of her, but her name," said Rosamond. "Only come with me, Godfrey, and see her; I know that she and Dr. Egerton are just such people as you would like: do come."

"Not I," answered Godfrey. "I know enough of them already."

"You! How?"

"Oh, that's a secret: I know as

well as if I had lived with them a hundred years, what they are ; just people I would go a hundred miles to avoid. Some of your mighty good, precise, dull folk, who think it a prodigious virtue to do every thing to a minute by their watches and their clocks ; the very reason I can't bear them : people who, as Folliott Brown says,

' Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
For dullness ever must be regular.' "

" Bad rhyme," said Rosamond.

" And no reason," said Laura.

" But are you gone ?" said Godfrey, catching Rosamond's arm as she passed.

" Yes, gone ; for, as there is neither rhyme nor reason in what you are saying, brother," said she, " I had better not stay any longer to hear it, lest you

should laugh at me as you did yesterday. You see I am not so very foolish to-day; you see I have not grown down again to-day. I am not ashamed to take the advice of a good friend: if I were, brother, you might with justice laugh at me the moment I shut the door, and you might say, How ridiculous! and make, or get somebody else to make a fable on me. You need not blush so very much: I am not angry because I am in the right. Goodbye."

Godfrey stood for a moment silent and ashamed, but recovering himself, he blamed Laura. "This is not fair, Laura," said he, "to repeat what I said."

"Perfectly fair," said Laura. "Recollect, I gave you warning from the beginning that I should do so."

“ Oh that I had kept my fable and my wit to myself,” cried Godfrey. “ But it is good to have such a skilful enemy; many a man, as some great general said, has learned how to conquer by being defeated.”

“ You are in a fair way to victory, then,” said Laura.

The next morning, the fifth day of trial, Godfrey did not come till Rosamond began to think he would not make his appearance at all. He burst into the room, exclaiming, “ The Panorama of Athens ! Orlando and I are going to it !”

“ Are you, indeed ?” said Rosamond.

“ Yes ; and mamma says you may go with us, Rosamond, so come ; on with your bonnet.”

“ But,” said Rosamond, drawing

back, "I cannot go now; cannot you be so kind to go one hour later?"

"No; now or never," said Godfrey.

"It must be *never* for me, then," said Rosamond, sorrowfully, "for I cannot break my resolution; in five minutes it will be my hour for Mrs. Egerton."

"Nonsense, child! would you really give up seeing Athens? Consider what it is to see Athens! Very different from seeing London," continued Godfrey, chucking her under the chin, as she stood with a face of deep consideration; "would you give up seeing Athens for the sake of going at an appointed hour to read Scotch, which you can't read, to an old woman who can't hear. How ridiculous! and how people continually mistake their own motives, and sacrifice to vanity when

they fancy they are sacrificing to friendship, and virtue, and generosity, and *all that*. How very ridiculous!"

Rosamond coloured; but after a look at Laura, answered, with composure, "Laugh on, laugh on, brother; I can bear to be laughed at. When I know I am right, Godfrey, even your ridicule can do me no harm; can it, Laura."

"Then," said Godfrey, "I may laugh on with a safe conscience: thank you, Rosamond, but I have no time for it now. Hark! Orlando calls: decide, Egerton or Athens."

"I cannot go with you, Godfrey," said Rosamond, "if you must go now."

"I must: goodbye," said he, going to the door.

"Goodbye," said Rosamond.

He went out of the room, but hold-

ing the door half open, put his head back again, looking at her for her last words.

“ Goodbye,” repeated Rosamond, steadily.

“ How ridiculous !” cried he; and clapping to the door, he ran down stairs.

“ Victory over myself !” cried Rosamond, “ and the hardest fought battle I have had yet,” added she, turning to Laura, who congratulated her with looks of affectionate approbation; and suppressing a sigh for Athens, she went to her old friend. So ended her fifth day’s trial.

At dinner, when they next met, Godfrey was loud in the praises of the Panorama; and Orlando, and his father, and mother, expressed surprise that Rosamond did not accept of the

invitation to go with her brothers. Rosamond, when her mother questioned her, said, "I will tell you all, mamma, at the end of four days more; don't ask me till then. Trust me, mamma; trust me, papa; trust me, Orlando, I have a good reason. It is a trial of power between Godfrey and me."

"Very well, my dear, I will ask no more," said her mother, "till you choose to tell me more; only remember, trials of power are dangerous things between friends."

"The very words that Laura said when I was going to sleep last night," cried Rosamond.

"But it is no wager, mother," said Godfrey.

"And since we have begun, do pray let us go through with it, mamma, if

you please," said Rosamond; "because, my dear mamma, you must know that I have won five days, that is, I have stood steady five days, and I have only four days more of trial, and it will be a victory over myself; and *that*, you know, both papa and you like."

"Divert yourselves your own way, my dear children," said her father. "I trust to you, and do not want to know your little secrets, or to meddle with all your little affairs."

Godfrey, perceiving that it had cost Rosamond much to give up the Panorama of Athens, and that she had particularly felt the ridicule he had thrown upon this sacrifice, judged it best to pursue the same mode of attack on the morning of the sixth day's trial. In one half of this judgment

he was right, the other half was wrong. The giving Rosamond an opportunity of making a sacrifice for a friend was the way to attach, instead of detaching her from that friend. But, on the other hand, there was the chance, that the ridicule thrown on the sacrifice might make her give it up as worthless.

“ Well, Rosamond,” cried he, “ I hope you will accompany us to day ; we are going to a better thing than the Panorama of Athens.”

“ Better ! what can that be ? Better,” said Rosamond, “ than the Panorama of Athens ! ”

“ Athens itself,” replied Godfrey. “ What do you think of the Elgin marbles ? We are going to the British Museum, and you may come with us if you will give up your *nonsense*.”

‘ I cannot, Godfrey, give up going

to Mrs. Egerton; yet, perhaps, I can change the hour, and go to her before we set out, or after we return."

Godfrey, seeing her ready to give up so much, thought he could now gain his whole point.

"No, no," said he, "changing the hour will not do, Rosamond; all or nothing; we must have the whole day for the Museum, we must go as early as possible: so take your choice, Elgin marbles or Pinch-bonnet! Come, don't be ridiculous!"

"Nothing very ridiculous in keeping my resolution," said Rosamond.

"Very ridiculous, if it be a ridiculous resolution," said Godfrey.

"But there's the point to be decided," said Laura.

"Aye, there is the point," said Godfrey. "Well, I acknowledge Ro-

samond is quite sublime in giving up the Elgin marbles; superior in friendship to Achilles himself; for he sacrificed only a hundred oxen, or a hundred swine, to his beloved Patroclus; but Rosamond sacrifices a hecatomb of gods and demi-gods to her dearly beloved Mrs. Pinch-bonnet. I must tell this to Folliott Brown."

Rosamond laughed, but, with a little mixture of shame in her laughter, she asked, "Pray who is Folliott Brown?"

"The cleverest young man I know," replied Godfrey; "the best of classical scholars, the best quizzer, and the greatest lover of fun."

"Fun! quizzer! I hate those school-boy words," said Rosamond.

"You mean that you hate to be quizzed," said Godfrey. "Then take

care if ever you see Folliott Brown, and don't let him get to your ridiculous side, my dear, for no mortal can seize it better. Quizzing is his delight."

"You know papa hates quizzing," said Rosamond, "and it is very vulgar."

"Very likely," said Godfrey; "but Folliott Brown is very fashionable; and I know if he were to get hold of it he would enjoy your classical sacrifice to friendship most amazingly; just the thing for him! So if you don't go with us to the Elgin marbles, he shall have it, my dear sister."

"Very kind, indeed, to your dear sister, to make her your sport and your butt with your friends," said Rosamond, evidently much disturbed.

"But did not my dear sister tell me to laugh on, and that she could bear to be laughed at?"

"And so I can, and so I will," cried Rosamond; "but all I say is; that it is not very kind, Godfrey."

"Come, come, my dear little Rosamond," said he, in a coaxing tone. "don't let that old witch of Egerton, worse than the witch of Endor, make us quarrel about nothing. Give up the point in a gracious, graceful, feminine way, and be my own dear Rosamond. You'll come with me then to the Elgin marbles? Yes; and write an apology to Mrs. Pinch-bonnet."

Rosamond shook her head.

"But consider, these are my holidays," continued Godfrey; "and surely, Rosamond, you ought to indulge me with your company."

"Oh, Godfrey, how you try persuasion, when you see that ridicule will not do," said Rosamond.

Godfrey could not refrain from smiling.

“ But, after all,” said he, “ what an abominably selfish creature this precious old Pinch-bonnet must be, not to give up her little amusement to your great pleasure.”

“ There you are quite mistaken,” said Rosamond ; “ for when Laura told her that I had given up the Panorama of Athens, she was exceedingly sorry, and she begged me not to come to her again during your holidays : she said she could not bear to take me from you. But I told her, that it was easy to arrange matters, so that I should lose none of your company, because I could always go to her at the time when you are busy at your Latin and Greek. You know, that you must be at least an hour a day at your studies ; and if you

will tell me your hour, Godfrey, we can settle it so, and all will be right, and I can go to the Elgin marbles, if you please."

"That will never do," said Godfrey; "for I like to have my Latin hour at night, when I go up to bed, and then I lose nothing by day."

"But I cannot go to Mrs. Egerton at night," said Rosamond.

"So I say: therefore you must give it up," said Godfrey.

"Who is selfish now, Godfrey?" said Laura. "You fix your hour at night, that you may lose nothing; yet you will not give up any thing for Rosamond, or for Mrs. Egerton's pleasure."

"Why should I give up any thing to Mrs. Egerton? She is not my friend, I am sure," replied Godfrey.

“ But I am your friend, I hope,” said Rosamond; “ and yet you will not do this for me? But you are only trying your power over me, brother; and all you want is to gain your point.”

“ Rosamond,” cried Godfrey, “ you really are growing too cunning, too suspicious.”

“ If I am growing a little suspicious, I know who has made me so,” replied Rosamond. “ Deceiving, even in play, or trying to deceive, makes one suspicious: you know, Godfrey, the speech of your own favourite Achilles, ‘ For once deceiv’d was his, but twice were mine.’ ”

Godfrey felt the force of these words, and stood for a minute silent; then, turning upon his heel, said, “ I’ve begun with it, and I’ll go through with it; I will not give up.”

During the remainder of this day, and of the next, Godfrey never recurred to the subject, never mentioned the name of Mrs. Egerton, or made the slightest attempt to prevent Rosamond, either by ridicule or persuasion, from adhering to her resolution. But whether this proceeded from forgetfulness or design, from his wish to lull Rosamond's caution to sleep, or from repenting of his having engaged in a trial unworthy of him ; whether, in fact, his thoughts were taken up with his friend Folliott Brown, with whom he spent the morning of the seventh day, are historic doubts not easy to solve.

Laura could not believe that Godfrey had given up his point, and this was very provoking to Rosamond.

“ Consider,” said Rosamond, “ there are but two days more to come of my

trial ; I may surely look back on the hardest part, and laugh. Besides, you see, Laura, that Godfrey's head has turned quite to other things ; he can think of nothing now but his friend Folliott Brown, and those lines he has written, ' The Parguinote's Farewell to his Country,' which, by the bye, are beautiful. Folliott Brown must be a young man of great genius and feeling ; and, besides, he says the Folliott Browns are all very fashionable. I am so glad we shall meet all the Browns at Monsieur Deschamp's ball to-morrow. " Godfrey," continued Rosamond, " really thinks that nothing is right or fashionable but what they say or do ; and that every thing is wrong and ridiculous that they laugh at. How very full poor Godfrey's head is of these Folliott Browns ! "

“And I think he has filled your head with them too, has not he, Rosamond?” said her mother, who came into the room while Rosamond was finishing this speech.

“No, mamma; not at all,” said Rosamond: you don’t know *all* I am thinking of; I am only curious to know whether Godfrey has really given up a certain trial of power.”

The next time she saw him, she said, in a secure tone, “Godfrey, do you recollect? There are only two days more to come!”

He was silent, but he had not his triumphant look.

Godfrey’s father remarked, that his son had of late constantly used the words *fashionable* and *right*, as if they meant always one and the same thing; and observed, that Godfrey continually

spoke of his friend, Folliott Brown, as if he were the supreme judge of taste, and manners, and morals, and literature. It happened, that, just after his father had been rallying him on this subject, and before he had well recovered from the surprise he felt at hearing Folliott Brown's infallibility questioned, Rosamond came into the room, and, not knowing what had passed, increased his vexation, by whispering, "Remember, brother, this is the last day but one."

"The ides of March are come, but not past, Rosamond!" said Godfrey.

Alarmed by this speech, she prepared for some new attack; but nothing was said, till, just as she was setting out for Mrs. Egerton's, Godfrey exclaimed, "Surely, Rosamond, on such a day as this, on the day of the

dancing master's ball, when you must have so much to do and to think of for yourself, you cannot be so very kind to your old friend Mrs. Egerton as to give up an hour, a whole hour to her!"

"Yes, but I can, and I shall, as you will see," said Rosamond, leaving the room with dignity.

"Magnanimously said! Magnanimously looked! Magnanimously done!" cried Godfrey, turning to Laura. "But, as we have been told, you know, there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous."

"And as we may know, without being told," answered Laura; "it depends upon every body's own sense, whether they will take that one step or not."

"What steps people take do not always depend upon their own sense,

nor upon the sense of their friends," retorted Godfrey. "We shall see, we shall see: I don't ask you now, my dear, not to put Rosamond on her guard, because I see you can't do it. You have done your best — you have done your very best: but your mistake was, my dear, you trusted to reason instead of wit. How ridiculous! To a woman, and from a woman! How ridiculous!"

Monsieur Deschamps' ball was delightful, we will not say beyond all power, but certainly beyond any need of description. Many of the relations of the young ladies, his pupils, were there; and Godfrey accompanied his sisters. Rosamond was amazingly charmed with the beauty, elegance, and fashion, which then, for the first time, struck her eyes, and perhaps her imagination, in

the persons, dress, and air of the Miss Folliott Browns, and of the Lady Frances Folliott Brown, their mother.

Godfrey's friend appeared also an object of universal admiration; not among the younger part of the little assembly, for these Folliott Brown scarcely condescended to notice; and therefore, resenting his disdain, they confessed that they could not like, or did not understand him; but the mothers and matrons, who presided as judges and spectators of the ball; and the elder sisters, the grown up young ladies, those enviable, envied beings, who *go out*, or who have *come out*, who are *in the world*; in short, who know all that is right, and all that is wrong as to dress, fashion, men, and manners, each in their *coteries* apart, allowed Folliott Brown to be quite charming!

Some praised his poetry, and others admired the tying of his neckcloth.

In the intervals between the quadrilles, Rosamond, when she sat down beside different parties of young ladies, heard much that was said to this purpose; and the high opinion, with which Godfrey had prepossessed her in favour of his friend, was thus increased by the voice of numbers, and still more by their looks.

Mr. Folliott Brown was some years older than her brother; there was between him and Godfrey all the difference of pretensions, which usually appear between a schoolboy of the higher forms, and a young man at the university. But former friendship attached him to his schoolfellow; and Godfrey, feeling pride in his notice, increased Rosamond's high opinion of his talents.

They were indeed considerable. Nothing he said, however, this night justified his reputation, in Laura's opinion : but Rosamond, overawed and dazzled, thought she was in the wrong when she did not admire, and listened still in expectation of something more. Rosamond was just at that age when girls do not join in conversation, but when they sit modestly silent, and have leisure, if they have sense, to judge of what others say, and to form by choice, and not by chance, their opinions of what goes on in that great world, into which they have not yet entered.

Mr. Folliott Brown was much too grand a person to dance at such a ball as this ; and Godfrey also this night seemed to prefer talking to dancing. At supper, Rosamond, separated from

Godfrey, from Laura, and from her mother, was seated at a small table with the young people of her quadrille. Godfrey, who had his own object in view, contrived to persuade one of the young ladies near him to be afraid of catching cold from the wind of some terrible window or door, and he made Rosamond change places with her, declaring, at the same time, that Rosamond never in her life had been known to catch cold. She saw, that her brother did this on purpose to get her near him and his friend, and among the Folliott Browns, at whose table he was sitting. She felt obliged to him for his good nature, smiled at the manœuvre in her own favour, and enjoyed her situation. She found Folliott Brown very entertaining, and she thought his sisters *charming*, though,

in truth, they and their partners talked only of a number of fine people, whom Rosamond had never seen or heard of; so that beforehand it might have been imagined, that the conversation could not in any way have interested her. How it happened that she was so much pleased, we know not: but so it was. Godfrey's "How ridiculous!" perpetually recurred. From any of the Folliott Browns the expression was decisive, against any thing or person on whom this sentence was thus pronounced. At length, when all had supped, and all had talked, in one of those intervals of silence, which occur even among the wittiest, the wisest, and the most indefatigable talkers, Godfrey took his opportunity to ask his friend, whether he was not related

to the Egertons . . . to Dr. and Mrs. Egerton.

“Distantly. Thank Heaven! *only* distantly.” was Folliott Brown’s answer.

“But are not they delightful people?” said Godfrey.

Folliott and his sisters interchanged looks, which sufficiently expressed their opinions.

“Delightful people! How ridiculous! Who could have put that into your head?” said Folliott.

“A friend of mine,” replied Godfrey.

Rosamond blushed, she did not well know why, and wished not to be named.

“A judicious friend, no doubt,” said Folliott Brown. “But I admire

his judgment more than his taste.—
Your old tutor, may be ? ”

“ No, no,” said Godfrey, laughing.
“ Very far from the mark ; neither a
tutor, nor old.”

“ Then one who has a grey head
upon green shoulders, it seems,” said
Folliott ; “ and that, to my fancy, is
an unbecoming mixture.”

“ So ridiculous ! ” said one of the
Miss Browns.

“ So unnatural ! ” said the other.

“ I like for young people to be
young ; I hate what you call a wise
young person, don't you ? ” said an-
other young lady to her partner, who
perfectly agreed with her, but was
more intent upon a glass of cham-
pagne.

“ But do you know,” continued
Miss Brown, “ I have a little cousin

(Helen Egerton, you know, Folliott), who, by living so much with old people, poor little thing, has really got that sort of grey head upon green shoulders look, which, as you say, is so unnatural, so affected, so ridiculous!"

Rosamond, sitting in all the agony of consciousness, felt as if she really had a grey head on green shoulders, and as if every body was looking at it. But nobody was looking at her; and though what was said seemed, she thought, as if aimed at her, it was in fact mere random nonsense.

"Affected!" said Miss Annetta Folliott Brown. "No; now really I acquit poor Helen Egerton of affectation: but some people have the misfortune to have that formal, wizzen old look and way, and really like to be with old people. Now, for my part,

I think young people should always be with young people."

"Always! always! always!" was echoed round the table by all but Rosamond.

"Nemine contradicente! we have it," cried Folliott Brown, for Rosamond's silence was perceived only by Godfrey. In this company she was of too little consequence to have a voice. When Folliott, looking round, again repeated, "Nemine contradicente! I should like to hear from ruby lips a dissentient voice." She longed to speak, but dared not. "Shakspeare," continued Folliott Brown, "and who understood the human heart and life in all its ages better than Shakspeare? tells us, that

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,

Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care."

"Oh, go on, delightful!" said one of the young ladies. "Such a charming old word, pleasance! Oh, go on; I do so doat on Shakspeare."

"I forget the rest; I have the worst memory in the world," said Folliott; "but I know it ends with

Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee."

"Miss Rosamond, let me help you to some grapes; won't you take an orange?" said Miss Folliott Brown, observing Rosamond's uneasy look, and attributing it to displeasure at not having been sufficiently attended to.

This was vexatious; but Rosamond accepted of the orange, and began to peel it, that she might have some employment for her hands and eyes.

Godfrey was sorry for her ; but as he thought this his last, best chance of gaining his point, he was anxious that the conversation should go on. " But pray, after all, what sort of people are Mrs. Egerton and Dr. Egerton ? "

" Oh ! I don't know," answered Miss Folliott Brown. " Mighty good people, you know ; but people one never meets, one never hears of any where but in the country. "

" Vastly too good," said Miss Annetta ; " very good family to be sure, mamma's relations : but old-fashioned, old people, old Manor House, old mannered people. Stupid : just what you call quizzes ! "

" Aye, quizzes ! " cried Folliott. " Quizzes, bores ; and bores, you know, should be hunted out of society. "

“ Very good ! ” said a young lady.

“ Oh ! the Egertons, though they are connections of ours, *are* very stupid, shockingly good, quite quizzes ! ”

These sentences were repeated by the Miss Browns and their brother all together, in chorus ; Godfrey declaring, that he had heard quite a different description of the Egertons, urged on the conversation, till all grew eager in support of their opinions, and each told some anecdote, that placed Mrs. Egerton, or her brother, in a ridiculous point of view. Rosamond was convinced, that of these anecdotes many were absolutely false, others exaggerated, and others no ways disgraceful to any human creature ; as they proved only that Dr. and Mrs. Egerton were careful to do what they thought right, and that they did not

approve of folly and extravagance. Yet no one circumstance was mentioned, which she could absolutely say she knew to be false, and to contradict the opinions of those, who were more nearly connected with the Eger-tons, and who pretended to know them all so perfectly well, required some courage. Rosamond had coloured and coloured more deeply, and had become so very uneasy, that her embarrassment was now visible to one of the Miss Browns, who sat opposite to her, and in an instant afterwards to all the company. Godfrey suddenly arose, and went round to her to pick up her gloves, for which she stooped, and, in a whisper, as he returned them to her, said, "Give up *the point*, and I'll bring you off."

"Never," replied a look from Rosa-

mond, which made Godfrey not a little ashamed.

“ Suppose we were to look for my mother and Laura, they are at the other end of the room,” said he; “ I’ve a notion it is late, and time to go.”

“ Aye! time to go!” cried Folliott Brown. “ You have used us abominably; I have a notion you have exposed us all to your judicious friend.”

Rosamond rose hastily, and Godfrey picked up her dropped fan.

“ A very judicious friend, I grant,” pursued Folliott Brown, as Godfrey drew her arm within his: “ most judiciously silent.”

Rosamond resolutely stopped, as Godfrey was leading her away. “ Silent only because I had not the courage to speak,” said she. “ How I wish,” added she, commanding her

trembling voice, "that I could be a judicious friend! Such a one as Mrs. Egerton has been to me!"

All were silent for an instant: Rosamond then went away with Godfrey as fast as he pleased. She thought she heard from behind her the sound of "*How ridiculous!*"

"I know they think me very ridiculous, but I don't mind that," said she.

Godfrey made no answer.

"Oh, there is Laura! And mamma I see is ready to go! I am so glad!" cried Rosamond. "Godfrey, will you come with us, or will you walk home with Mr. Brown?"

Godfrey, without making any answer, ran to order the carriage to draw up, handed his mother and sisters into it, and then asked, "Can you make room for me?"

“ I thought, Godfrey,” said his mother, “ that you were to walk home with your friend, Mr. Folliott Brown ? ”

Still he made no answer, but, keeping his foot on the step, seemed anxious to get into the carriage : immediately Rosamond squeezed herself into the smallest compass possible, and made room for him between her and Laura. The carriage door shut, and they drove off. After some minutes, during which Laura and her mother supported the conversation, her mother observed, that they had not allowed Rosamond and Godfrey time to say a word : time was now given, but no words were heard from either.

“ Who did you dance with, Godfrey ? ” asked his mother.

“ I don’t recollect, ma’am : with two or three,” said Godfrey.

“ Miss Annetta Brown,” said Laura,

was one of your partners, was not she?"

"Yes, I believe so. But don't talk to me of any thing but what I am thinking of," said Godfrey.

"And how are we to find out that, my dear son!" said his mother.

"Oh, mother! I don't deserve to be your dear son to night. But here is one, who does deserve to be your dear daughter," said Godfrey, putting Rosamond's hand into his mother's.

"Yes, do love and esteem her, mother and Laura; she deserves it well."

"But how is this? Tears, Rosamond, I can feel, though I don't see," said her mother, as she felt them drop on her hand.

"Tears of my causing," said Godfrey.

"Caused by these kind words, then,"

said Rosamond ; “ for they never came till this moment.”

“ Laura,” continued Godfrey, “ she has quite conquered me ; I give up the point : I only wish I had given it up sooner, for I have been wrong, very wrong ; but then she has been right, very right, and that is a comfort.”

“ You are always generous and candid, Godfrey,” said Rosamond, “ except—you understand me,” added she, “ when you—when you want to try your power. But now that is over,”

“ Over, yes ; over for ever,” said Godfrey. “ This was much worse than beauty’s goddess, and the airs and graces ; there I was right in the main, though wrong in going a little too far, but here I was, as Laura said, from the first wrong in the principle, and I

felt it all the time. I knew you had the best of the argument, but my desire to show my power over you, and to gain my point, my foolish point, made me go on, from one step to another. I really did not mean to be so ill-natured and wrong in every way as I have been. But you have stood steady, and *therefore* I have done you no harm: but I might have done you real harm, confusing all right and wrong as I did, and only to gain my paltry point. But you have the victory, and the best victory, as Laura would say, over yourself; and I am sure, let all those people say *How ridiculous!* a million of times over, they must have admired and respected you at *that* moment in their hearts; not one of them could have done it, or said it; especially at your age! and

when all mouths were open, all their foolish mouths, and mine, the most foolish, the most unpardonably wrong of the whole party, were against you. She has stood this trial steadily indeed, Laura, and your opinion of *her* was right, I acknowledge, and I am glad of it. I was quite wrong."

"I shall be very glad, my dear Godfrey, when I can understand the wrongs and the rights clearly," said his mother.

Godfrey related all that had passed during the whole of this nine days' trial; and he spared himself so little, and did such justice to both his sisters, that his mother found it impossible to be as angry with him as she acknowledged that he deserved that she should be.

"There is one favour that I wish to

ask from you, Godfrey," said Rosamond.

"Do not ask it, my dear," said Godfrey; "let me have the pleasure of doing it without your asking it: I will do it to-morrow morning."

"Then I perceive you guess what it is," said Rosamond, smiling.

The next morning, at the appointed hour, when Rosamond was going to Mrs. Egerton's, Godfrey begged to accompany her.

"Thank you; the very thing I wished," said Rosamond; "I ask you only to see, hear, and judge for yourself."

Just as they were setting out, however, they were stopped by a servant, who put a note into Rosamond's hand from Mrs. Egerton. This note requested, that Rosamond would not come

to her this day, as some unhappy circumstances had happened, which must prevent her enjoying the pleasure of seeing her young friend.

What these *unhappy circumstances* were, Rosamond did not hear till long afterwards. They related to the affairs of the Folliott Browns, which, by the extravagance of that family, began at this time to be much deranged. The young people, who had been so thoughtlessly talking the preceding night, little knew, that they would so soon need the assistance of the excellent persons, whom they were endeavouring to turn into ridicule. In the absolute ruin of Mr. Folliott Brown's fortune, which some months afterwards ensued, when they were obliged to sell their house in town, their carriages, and all that could be sold of

their property; when all their fine friends only said, "The poor Folliott Browns, I hear, are quite ruined! quite gone!" Mrs. Egerton and her brother received them kindly, and assisted them generously.

As Godfrey observed, they had reason to be glad, that Rosamond was both a judicious and a *silent* friend.

EGERTON ABBEY.

A YEAR and some months had passed since "Rosamond's nine days' trial," which was now counted among childish occurrences, or, if referred to, prefaced with, "Do you remember the time, Rosamond, of that foolish trial?" or, "Do you recollect, Godfrey, that time, before the time of the nine days' wonder, when you did not like the Egertons; I mean when you did not know the Egertons?"

That time had long been in the pre-

terpluperfect tense with Godfrey. It was so completely past, that it was with difficulty that he could remember it; and it was not only with difficulty, but with some sense of shame or self-reproach, that he called it to mind. Rosamond, observing this, had kindly consigned the subject to oblivion.

Godfrey had never been at Egerton Abbey, which belonged to Dr. Egerton, brother in law to Rosamond's excellent old friend. Rosamond, who had often been there with her mother, during the time that her brother had been at school, was delighted with the prospect of his accompanying them on a visit, which they were now going to pay there. She was eager to introduce him to a place she particularly loved, and to see him enjoy the company of those, whom she was proud of

having made his friends. Godfrey, perceiving this, gave her the greatest pleasure, by being as gay as possible on their happy journey to the Abbey.

It was a delightful day in autumn. They travelled in an open carriage, and through a beautiful country. If the carriage had stopped as often as Rosamond wished that it should, for Laura to sketch every "charming picturesque view!" her drawing book would have been filled in the course of this day, and they would not have arrived at the end of their journey before midnight. But, fortunately, Laura's wish to reach Egerton Abbey before it grew dusk was gratified, as the red setting sun was still shining on the top of the great oak wood, and gleaming on the windows in the western front of the Abbey, as they drove up the avenue.

Godfrey was quite as much pleased with the first view as Rosamond had expected, and his delight increased, even beyond her hopes, when he entered the Gothic hall, and followed her as she hurried him along the matted cloisters, dimly lighted through painted glass, to the "happy library," opening to a conservatory, rich, as Rosamond had described it, "in bloom and perfume, and on which the sun always shone." The library, with books and prints scattered on various tables, gave evidence, that people had been happily employed. No one was in the room when they first entered; the family were out on the terrace, watching for the arrival of their friends. A pleasing young girl soon came running in eagerly to welcome Rosamond; this was Helen, Mrs. Egerton's granddaughter. While Mrs. Egerton, who

could not walk fast, was returning from the farthest end of the terrace, Helen had time to tell them the names of all the people who were at the Abbey. Rosamond enjoyed Godfrey's look of surprise and satisfaction, when he heard, that amongst the guests were two persons whom he had particularly wished to see, or rather to hear; one was a celebrated traveller, the other a distinguished orator and patriot.

The first evening at Egerton Abbey was spent so happily, that when it was time to go to rest, Godfrey lingered so long in his mother's apartment, talking over with Rosamond the pleasures they had enjoyed since their arrival, and the still greater pleasures they anticipated for the morrow, that his father was at last obliged to take him by the shoulders, put him out of the room,

and lodge him in the turret assigned him. Even then, unless his father had prudently bolted his own door, Godfrey would have returned, yea, even at midnight, to have made him come to look at something he had discovered in his turret. It was Rosamond's pendule case, with the flying minutes and dancing hours, which he saw placed on his chimueypiece.

From the turret, in which Godfrey slept, a back staircase led down to Dr. Egerton's study, and one from Rosamond's turret led to Mrs. Egerton's dressing room. They had each leave to go to their friends, and of this happy privilege they availed themselves as soon as possible. The first morning, before breakfast, they were made acquainted with the characters, and with all that could be entertaining or in-

structive in the histories of the various guests then at Egerton Abbey. These judicious friends were anxious to introduce them, early in life, to persons distinguished for their knowledge, talents, or virtues; to all who could best, by precept and example, excite generous emulation, and direct useful energy.

It is certain, that much of what was said and done, during this visit, made an indelible impression both on Godfrey and Rosamond; but it will not be possible for their historian to do more than touch upon the principal points.

The first day, at dinner, the conversation turned upon Athens and the Elgin marbles, and then diverged to Greece, and Turkey, and Ali Pacha. Godfrey and Rosamond had read and remembered enough of the Travels of

Holland and Clarke, to excite their interest in all that was said, and to enable them to follow the conversation with the double satisfaction arising from the consciousness of knowing a little, and the sense of learning more. Though neither of them joined in the conversation, their interest and attention were constantly kept up; when this agreeable traveller said he had seen the yanar, or perpetual fire, of which they had read an account in "Karamania;" that he had walked on the banks of the Scamander, and clambered into the pyramids; when he asserted, that he had remained long enough at Tripoli to confirm the truth of the picture of that country, so well given in the narrative of Mr. Tully's residence there—great was their pleasure in listening;

and they almost felt as if they had themselves travelled over these regions.

The conversation afterwards turned upon the female character and manners, and their influence on the fate and happiness of nations, in the Oriental and the European world ; and many curious facts were mentioned, and many allusions made, both to history and to works of fiction, which kept up the lively attention of the young audience.

It was particularly agreeable to Rosamond, who was the youngest of the party, to feel that she could take a real interest in such conversation, and that the books which she had read, or that she had heard read at home, now came into use. Well educated, well-informed young people, will here recollect and recognise their own feelings of

delight in similar circumstances. As Dr. Egerton pointed out, her pleasure arose, not only from the taste she had acquired for knowledge and literature, but from the feelings of sympathy and domestic affection, which made every subject, that was interesting to her father and brothers, doubly interesting to herself.

The day after the conversation about the Elgin marbles, Tweddell's Life having been referred to by some of the company, his Memoirs were left open on the library table, as it chanced, at a part which caught Rosamond's attention. It was the letter, which gives an account of the country seat and princely establishment of a certain Polish Countess. It was not the charming country seat, or the princely establishment, that excited Rosamond's

admiration, but the generosity of this noble lady to a family of French emigrants, who had, in their prosperity, shown her kindness at Paris, and whom, in their adversity, she received with splendid hospitality and magnificent gratitude. Rosamond, delighted with this account, carried it directly to Mrs. Egerton, and, resting the quarto on the elbow of her arm chair, read the whole passage. When she had finished reading, she exclaimed, "How I wish I had been that Polish Countess! I wish I had such an immense fortune, and such vast power; because, without great riches, or great power, whatever one may feel, it is impossible to show such generosity, such gratitude!"

"I allow, my dear," replied Mrs. Egerton, "without such a fortune, and power, it is impossible to show

what you call magnificent gratitude; but consider, that such is rarely called for in the common course of life; while in every condition, in yours, in mine, in every class, in those far below us in fortune and power, even in the very poorest, generosity or gratitude, equal to that of your noble countess, may be shown, if not as magnificently or as usefully, at least as essentially to the happiness of those for whom it is exercised."

"Perhaps so," said Rosamond; "but still one cannot do so much good—such grand things."

"Not such grand things, certainly, but as much good," said Mrs. Egerton, "on a small scale. If each person in their own little way does something, and if all do the best they can, the numbers will in time work out as

much good for their fellow creatures, more, perhaps, than any individual can perform by the greatest exertions. The effect will not, I grant, be so immediately striking to the young imagination, or so flattering to the feelings of vanity."

"To the young imagination! that means to *me*," said Rosamond, smiling. "But now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, even with your sober judgment, you would not — would you? you could not — could you? love and value that small-scale gratitude so much as the magnificent generosity we were talking of?"

"I think I value it more, and love it more," said Mrs. Egerton. "I value it more, because it is more useful; I love it more, because it affects the happiness of the human creatures for whom

I am immediately interested ; and I both love and value what you call the small-scale generosity and gratitude, because it is generally the effect of more real feeling ; and it requires, in its exercise, and in its continuance, more self denial and self-control."

The conversation was here interrupted by a summons to Rosamond to join her mamma, and Laura, and Godfrey, and the rest of the company, who were ready to go and take a long walk to the oak wood. Mrs. Egerton was not able to accompany the young party on these long walks, but while they rambled, to their heart's content, through every alley green, dingle, and bushy dell, and while they, still more to their heart's content, took always the most difficult path, and that which promised the greatest number of stiles

to scramble over, she was satisfied to drive on the beaten road, in her low garden chair, to meet the party at some favourite spot, where she joined with her young friends in as much of their walk as her advanced years and declining strength permitted her to attempt. This morning she told Helen she would meet them at a certain gate leading from the high road into the forest, opposite to the great scathed oak. She met them there; and while Laura, after sketching the great oak, was busy drawing a group of peasants with their children, who were pulling acorns from the boughs, Mrs. Egerton took Rosamond with her down a path, which led to the thickest part of the glen.

“ Let me lean on you, my love, and you will take care of me down this

steep path," said she. "And now, without going so far as to the Ukraine, and without the power or fortune of the Polish Countess, I think I can show you an example of what we may class among the *small-scale* instances of gratitude."

"What a delightful path! What a romantic scene! What a picturesque situation for a cottage!" cried Rosamond. "I think I shall finish by wishing to live in that little cottage."

"Stay till you see the inside of it, my dear, and believe me, you will not wish to call that little hut your home; and though it is summer now, and that this glen looks cheerful in the sunshine, do not forget that winter will come. You will find in the inside of that hut nothing but poverty, plain, sordid poverty, without any thing for picturesque

effect. I found out these poor people the other day by chance, when I went to a straw chairmaker's, in the village, to bespeak for the grotto what you call my beehive chair. While I was there, a poor girl came in with some bosses, for which she waited to be paid. The moment the money was put into her hand she asked for fresh work, received it with thankfulness, and ran off. The chairmaker then told me, that she was one of the most hard-working and best girls he ever knew, and the most grateful creature; that, besides her day's business as servant girl to a hard mistress, in the spare time she secured, by sitting up late and getting up early, she made enough by her work to pay her mistress for the lodging and food of a poor bedridden paralytic woman, who had formerly

nursed her when in distress ; or, as the man expressed it, “ had brought her through the small pox when every one else fled from her.”

As Mrs. Egerton finished this account they reached the cottage, from whence the first sound they heard was the shrill voice of a woman, scolding. This woman, just returned from market, with her cloak thrown back, her flat black silk hat on her head, high stiff-peaked stays, white cuffs, and black mittens, was standing, with arms a-kimbo, in all the authority of her market-day attire, scolding a slight formed, thin girl, seemingly about thirteen or fourteen, who was standing before her in a submissive posture, her whole figure and face quite motionless. The moment the girl saw Mrs. Egerton appear at the

door behind her mistress, with a start of joy she clasped her hands, and came forward several steps, so that Rosamond then saw her face more distinctly. It was not handsome; it was marked, nay seamed, by the small pox, emaciated and deadly pale, except while a hectic flush crossed it at the instant she first came forward. Her mistress, turning abruptly as they entered, began, in a softened tone, with "Servant, Madam Egerton." But as soon as she saw Madam Egerton look kindly towards the girl, her countenance again clouded over; and when Madam went to feel Mary's pulse, and asked her how she did, the mistress, in a low murmur, speaking to herself as she swung aside the chair she had set for Mrs. Egerton, said, "She's well enough,

if *Quality* would not be coming to put notions into her head : strong enough, too, of all conscience, for all my work, and her *own* too, when she pleases, as she used fast enough afore she was half her height, until of late days, since ever that vagary of pretending to be weak, like a lady, was put into her silly brain."

Gaining courage from her rekindling anger, and observing that the ladies heard her, and that their eyes were fixed upon her, the woman let loose her temper, and poured forth, in her natural shrill objurgatory voice, a torrent of reproaches against this Mary, this object of her hourly wrath. While the storm raged, Mary stood as before, quite still, without ever raising her eyes, resolutely patient. But Rosamond observed, that one spot of colour, which appeared

high upon each thin cheek bone, gradually became of a deep fixed red.

“ Oh! ma'am,” cried Rosamond, “ pray don't scold her any more !”

Loud squalls of children interrupted Rosamond. The girl quickly turning to open the back door, a tribe of crying children rushed in, stretching out their dirty hands, and screaming, “ Mary! Mary!” Suddenly silenced by the sight of the strangers, they clung round Mary, who wiped their eyes, and set their rags to rights. But fresh subjects for abuse now occurred to the mistress, who railed anew against Mary for standing there, as she did always, while her children were breaking their necks. “ No care from her of any thing within or without: so you see how it is with your own eyes at last, Madam Eger-ton! And I am glad on it.”

“And I am glad of it, too,” said Mrs. Egerton. “But pray how is the poor paralytic woman to-day?”

“What, old Sarah! Why, madam, the same as usual, I do suppose. No great chance, I guess, of her being better or worse. And I’ve reason, I’m sure, to rue the day she ever darkened my doors, and did not go on the parish as she ought; for since the day Mary took to tending her, and that’s four years come Michaelmas, I have had no service out of her, to say proper service; and she, my ’prentice, regular bound, as I can show you, Madam,” added she, going to an old dark press in the wall to rummage for papers—

“I do not doubt it,” said Mrs. Egerton, “and we will look to that by and by; but first, can we see old Sarah?”

“Yes, sure, Madam!” cried Mary,

a ray of joy darting from her eyes, if you could but cross the yard ;” and disengaging herself at one motion from all the children, she threw open the hatch door and disappeared.

Rosamond and Mrs. Egerton followed through the litter and dirt to what was called the old cow house, a low hovel, of which the roof was strangely propped, and the thatch, black and overgrown with grass, was in places curiously patched with new straw. One of the children was watching for them at the hovel door : there was so little light within, that at first entering Rosamond could scarcely see any thing, or discern the figure of Mary standing by some sort of bed on the ground, in one corner of the place.

“ Be kind enough to come closer, Madam, Miss,” said Mary, “ *she*

won't be startled ; I come first to warn her."

She, as Rosamond saw, when she came closer to the bed, was the paralytic woman, who was sitting propped up with a bundle of straw against the wall behind her; the remains of a patchwork quilt covering her lower limbs, of which she had entirely lost the use.

" But see, Madam, she can move her hands and arms now as well as ever, thanks be to God ! "

" Thanks be to God ! and you, dear Mary ! " said the palsied woman, joining her hands in prayer. " Madam Egerton, there's no tongue on Earth can tell what that girl does, and has done these four long years for me, little worth that I am ! "

" Little I can do," said Mary, wip-

ing her eyes and forehead with one quick motion. "And too happy I should be could I be allowed to do that little."

"Oh, Madam Egerton!" continued the sick woman, "if I had words! if you could but know all!"

"If you did know all, Madam," said the girl, "then you'd know how grateful I ought for to be to her who is lying there; and so I would be if I could, but I cannot!"

Throwing the apron over her face, Mary ran out into the yard, and Sarah was silent for some moments, hearing her sobbing.

"The most gratefulest girl!" said the palsied woman; "the most hard-workingest grateful soul of a poor body God ever made! Oh, the happy day for me, when I once nursed her in

sickness ! That was all, madam, I ever did for her ; and see what she has been to me ever since ! me, a cripple, such as you see, and she scarce more than a child, and slight of body as that young lady there ! and as tender of heart," added she, seeing Rosamond's tears.

Mrs. Egerton then went away, notwithstanding Rosamond's earnest wishes to see and hear more : and though she begged most anxiously to be permitted to do *something*, and expressed the most eager desire to do a great deal as soon as possible, Mrs. Egerton gently, but steadily, resisted. " No, my love, no, leave it to me ; I hope I shall do all that can, that ought to be done for both. But we must not take from this grateful girl the merit and the pleasure, which, be assured, she

has, in the depth of poverty, and in the midst of her hard struggles, in bearing and forbearing, in feeling that she is all in all to that poor cripple, and that her grateful heart gives what neither our money, nor any money, can purchase."

"True, indeed; I do believe it; I am convinced of it," said Rosamond, reluctantly; and, as she returned with Mrs. Egerton, walking slowly up the steep path, she reflected in silence, till Mrs. Egerton pausing to rest, Rosamond repeated, "I am convinced you are right, ma'am. That poor girl had literally nothing of her own to give; yet her gratitude was most touching, and more truly generous than that of my magnificent Countess, and far more meritorious, because, as you say, here is such constant self denial, such wonder-

ful power over herself!" continued Rosamond. "Oh, think of what it must be to bear that scolding woman, added to all her own misery, day and night for four years! half starved, and sick, and working so hard!"

That, which words could not fully express, Rosamond finished by shedding a few uncontrollable tears, and by several deep sighs, which relieved her, as they walked slowly up the glen to rejoin the party, whom they had left in the forest.

Laura had not only finished sketching the group of children gathering acorns, and the scathed oak, but she had taken a view of a beautiful glade in the forest before Rosamond's return. Godfrey, the moment he saw her, ran to meet her, calling to beg she would help them to recollect the description

of the scathed oak in Mundy's Needwood Forest. This turned Rosamond's attention from the miseries she had just witnessed, and, after a little recollection, she repeated the whole passage. Mrs. Egerton said she often thought of those lines when she looked at that favourite old tree; but that she loved better still, the verses to his "Arm Chair," and those to his "little grandson of seven years old," and asked Godfrey to repeat them for her.

During the latter part of the walk home, the conversation took a different turn. A country gentleman, who was one of the party, was well acquainted with Mr. Mundy, having been once his schoolfellow, and always his friend. He was pleased to find that his verses had been selected and liked by these young people. Though Mr. Mundy

had been dead some time, his memory was still fresh in the minds of all who had known him. "By some," said his friend, "perhaps he was liked only for his convivial qualities, or as a good companion in the fox chase: but he was better appreciated by others, who admired his cultivated taste, agreeable conversation, and polite manners. By all he was loved for his amiable temper and his benevolent habits: and in every rank his loss was felt as a kind neighbour, a good landlord, an excellent magistrate, and a useful country gentleman." To this eulogium Godfrey and Rosamond listened with an interest, excited by their previous acquaintance with his poetry. Rosamond was much gratified by perceiving, that rational conversation was addressed to her; that she was herself considered,

neither as an ignorant child, nor yet as a mere young lady, thinking only of dress and nonsense.

It was observed, that she and her brother always attended to good conversation, instead of carrying on, as many young persons do, all the time any rational subject is discussed, some tittering, trifling, ill-bred whispering apart among themselves, or else sitting or standing in all the constraint of uninterested, stupified silence.

To tell things just as they were, however, it should be here confessed, that Rosamond, proud of some particular notice that had been taken of her brother, continued, in complaisance to Godfrey, to listen a little longer than she really wished to do, to a conversation, which began among the gentlemen, on the advantages and disad-

vantages of the game laws. She made several attempts to draw Godfrey off, that she might tell him what she had seen of the grateful girl, and of the paralytic woman, but his attention was too much engaged. At length Rosamond, hearing some words of a more entertaining subject from another division of the walkers, withdrew her arm gently from her brother's.

"So! Rosamond," exclaimed he, "you don't like to hear all this of the game laws?"

"No thank you," said she; "I want to hear something that Laura is listening to; some account of a fire in London: will you come?"

"Oh no," said Godfrey; "I must hear what these gentlemen are saying about the game laws; but you are a woman, and you are quite right not to

meddle with politics: go, go, Rosamond, you are quite right," added he, with a little nod of manly superiority.

On nearer approach, Rosamond found, that the fire in London, of which Laura was speaking, was no new accident, but one which had happened one hundred and fifty years ago, the old fire of 1666, which nearly destroyed the city in the time of Charles the Second.

"But how came you to talk of this, my dear Laura?" said Rosamond. "When I left you, you were talking of Mr. Mundy and country gentlemen. How did you get to the fire of London?"

"Very easily," said Laura. "From country gentlemen to planting, and Evelyn's Sylva; then to his Diary, which brought to our minds the recol-

lection of his interesting account of that dreadful fire in London."

Rosamond was well acquainted with this passage, and had heard so many others read aloud by her father, and had learnt so much of Evelyn in the course of conversation, that she knew his history and his character, and felt interested about Wotton, the house and place he so often mentions, and to which he was so much attached. So that it was with the greatest pleasure that she heard arrangements made for going to see that place the next day, and listened with eagerness to the detail of open carriages, side saddles, and ponies.

The moment they arrived at the Abbey, Godfrey and Rosamond hurried to Dr. Egerton's study, and, with their customary preface of "I hope we don't

disturb you, Sir," they began to tell him all that they had seen, heard, felt, and understood, since they had left him. As soon as they came into his study, Dr. Egerton put away his papers, dismissed his man of business, seated himself in what he called his idle arm chair, and listened to his young friends with that polite, benevolent, encouraging look, which assured them, even more than his words could do, "that they were never troublesome."

Laura's sketches were put into his hands, but before he could well have time to begin his praises or his criticisms, Godfrey had begun his report of the debate on the game laws, and Rosamond was imploring leave to tell her history of the walk with Mrs. Egerton. But Dr. Egerton, as soon as

he heard Rosamond mention the poor girl and the paralytic woman, told her, that Mrs. Egerton had just been speaking to him on this subject, and that they had been contriving together some means of bettering their condition; and that Mrs. Egerton was already occupied in preparing to carry their plan into execution.

“ So soon! Oh, delightful!” said Rosamond. “ You and Mrs. Egerton are not what my father calls *sayers*, but *doers*. You know, Godfrey, what my father was saying the other day, that there are two sets of people in this world; one, the very large class of the *sayers*; the other the very, *very* small one of the *doers*.”

But Godfrey did not listen to Rosamond, for at this moment he wanted to be one of the *sayers*; and having at

length caught Dr. Egerton's eye, he went on with the speech on the game laws, which Rosamond had interrupted; and, to do him justice, he summed up the argument he had heard from his able and honourable friends very fairly; and, quoting the orator's words, he declared, that, well as he loved riding, leaping, and hunting, he hoped he should never be one of those, who think it the best birthright of a free-born Briton, and the first privilege of a gentleman, to gallop after foxes, hunt hares, or shoot small birds; in short, if his vote were to decide the matter, it should be for the total abolition of the game laws.

Dr. Egerton smiled at the young orator's warmth, and commending his humanity, seemed, nevertheless, to doubt whether he might continue to

be of his present opinion some years hence, when he should become one of the privileged tribe of Nimrod himself, and when he would probably see things in quite another light, and, like others, leave the hare to her many friends, and the fox to his many enemies. No; Godfrey, with eager benevolence, protested against this, and pledged himself to support his present opinion when he should be twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred years old. "Meantime," said Dr. Egerton, "take my advice; hear much, and say as little as possible upon this, or any other question which requires extensive and accurate knowledge before any safe judgment can be formed of the bearings of the different points, and of the consequences of abolishing

old, or making new regulations. But pray, my young politician," continued Dr. Egerton, "understand, that I do not wish to repress your spirit of inquiry, or your wish to exercise your reasoning powers, as you do, upon every subject that you hear discussed. But till you are sure of your ground, tell your opinions on such subjects only to your private friends, such as myself, for instance, or your father or mother."

Godfrey, in whom the spirit, not only of a young politician, but of a parliamentary debater, was just rising, looked much disappointed by this speech of Dr. Egerton's, and not relishing this advice, he said, he confessed that he was afraid he should not have liked to have been one of the disciples

of Pythagoras, during that terrible year of silence that was required from them.

But that was *absolute* silence, Dr. Egerton observed, which he by no means advised to his young friends, especially as he should be a great sufferer by it; as there was no one enjoyed more than he did their free, natural first thoughts; but he only recommended their refraining from giving to strangers decisive opinions on subjects where they had not means of judging.

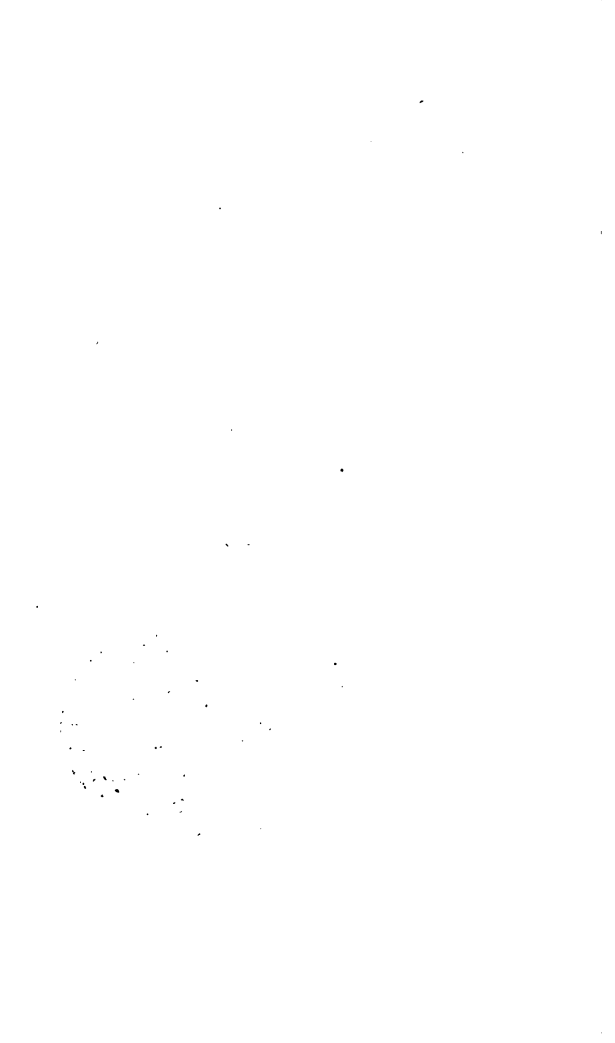
Godfrey thanked Dr. Egerton for the kindness of this advice, but could not refrain from proceeding to farther lengths against the principle, policy, and wisdom of the measure, when Helen burst in eagerly, to announce the joyful news, that all was settled for

their next day's expedition to Wotton, and that she was to go, and Rosamond was to go, and Laura, and Godfrey, and every body, provided the day should be fine enough for riding.

END OF VOL. I.

CHARLES WOOD, Printer,
Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, London.





ROSAMOND

A
S E Q U E L

TO
EARLY LESSONS.

BY
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

“ Oh teach her, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past !
The mind to strengthen and anneal,
While on the stithy glows the steel.”

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.



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ROSAMOND.

THE BLACK LANE.

AT the first dawn of light Rosamond was at her turret window, looking out to see what kind of day it would be; and, putting her head far out to the east, she saw the casement window of the eastern turret thrown open, and Godfrey's head popped out for the same purpose. Head nodded to head and withdrew, both satisfied, from the promise of the sunrise, that it would be as

fine a day as heart could wish. And happily for those who were to ride, and those who were to go in open carriages, the weather was quite decided in its promise and in its performance. They had not to trust to

“The uncertain glories of an April day.”

It was October: there was neither too much heat, nor too much cold, nor too much wind, nor too much dust, nor too much or too little of any thing, of which the most fastidious *felicity hunters* could complain.

Felicity hunters, if any young or old reader should chance to be unacquainted with the term, is (as the traveller told Rosamond) the name given in the Isle of Wight to those who go there and make parties of pleasure to see the beauties of the

island. Our party were not *felicity-hunters*, but *felicity-finders*, for they were disposed to find pleasure in every thing they saw, and that is a great step towards success in finding it, as Rosamond, from her own experience of the party of pain, and the party of pleasure, in the days of her childhood, well remembered. Rosamond was to go in the carriage when they set out, and to ride in returning. She was soon happily seated in the landau, wedged in between Laura and the red-cushioned elbow.

To all, who have ever been in the lovely valley of Dorking, the very sound of its name will call forth instant exclamations of delight : and such continually burst from our young travellers when they saw this happy valley. The riders called to those in the car-

riage, and those in the carriage called to those who were riding. , “ Oh, look there. Rosamond !” cried Godfrey, pointing to the right with his whip. “ Oh, look here ! Godfrey ! Laura ! Mamma ! Papa !” cried Rosamond, as the views passed too quickly before her ; views of cultivated hills and dales, covered with a vast extent of wood in rich foliage, and autumnal tints, to which the bright, low, October sun gave constant variety of light and shade. Every landscape, as it passed, Laura longed to put into her sketch book, but at every trial she failed in the hope of representing what she saw, and at last gave herself up, as Rosamond advised, to the full enjoyment of the present.

The traveller pointed out, as they passed on, all the places famed for

beauty, which could be seen, from that road, telling them their names, and those of their present and former possessors ; relating anecdotes of past and present times, which gave a character to almost every part of the country through which they passed. As they came within view of a very picturesque demesne, Godfrey and his father rode up to the side of the carriage to point out to Laura and Rosamond the beautiful grounds of Chert Park, which join the Deep Dene. " Those two charming places," said their father, " are now united. Chert Park has lately been purchased, and given to the possessor of the Deep Dene by his brother, who declared, that the day, on which he saw the boundaries between the two estates levelled, was the happiest of his life."

“ How noble ! How kind ! How generous ! ” exclaimed the party in the carriage.

“ It is a good thing, indeed,” said Godfrey’s father, turning to him, “ to have such a brother ; but I question much, whether the being such a one is not still better.

“ The affection of these brothers reminds me,” said the traveller, “ of the attachment to each other shown by two young Frenchmen, brothers of that family who were so nobly received by the Polish Countess, of whom you were reading yesterday, Miss Rosamond.”

“ Oh ! pray tell it to us,” exclaimed Rosamond.

“ They were concerned in a conspiracy against Bonaparte,” continued the traveller, “ during his prosperity

in France. Their plans were discovered; they were seized and imprisoned. I forget by what means they escaped being shot. The only favour they obtained for some years, during a most rigorous confinement, was that of being permitted to be together. They had happy tempers, and contrived to keep up each other's spirits. At last the severity of their confinement was relaxed in some degree, and they were removed on their parole to the Castle of Vincennes. They both possessed many accomplishments, and spent their time in drawing, music, and in many innocent amusements. However, when the Allies were approaching France, it was thought dangerous to allow them so much liberty. They one day received a visit from an officer, of whose hostile designs they could have no

doubt, though he appeared to have nothing but friendly intentions towards them. He invited himself to dine with them, and at last recommended their accompanying him from the prison: they of course made no resistance. Dinner came; conversation continued, during which the two brothers contrived to make themselves understood by each other, by means of a species of cypher, which they had amused themselves in learning. In every sentence they addressed to the officer they introduced particular words, which, after a certain time, formed a sentence, which conveyed their intentions to each other: in this manner they concerted between them their plan. Upon some pretext, one brother went down stairs, and, after some minutes, the other went to his apart-

ment above stairs, saying that he would prepare himself for his departure. They had purposely lingered over their dinner till it was quite dark. The brother, who had been above stairs, came down, rushed into the room where he had left the officer, blew out the candle, fastened the door on him, ran down stairs, and joined the younger brother, who was waiting for him below. They had often marked the place in the wall, where they could, if necessary, clear it: dark as it was, they knew it, and got safe to the outside of the walls of Paris. If they escaped from thence, they feared being immediately traced, they therefore got to the other extremity of Paris, and there concealed themselves, while all France was searched for them in vain."

Just as the traveller had finished this

history they arrived at Wotton. The first sight of this house, built in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time, round a hollow square, with small windows, pointed eye-brows, and many-peaked roof, disappointed Rosamond and Godfrey. It was old enough, but not venerable enough to strike Rosamond's fancy; and every room they entered she found too low, too small, and too dark: the library especially, of which they had formed magnificent expectations, disappointed Godfrey so much, that twice he repeated, "And is this really the library? Is this Evelyn's library?"

But Evelyn's portrait, with his Sylva in his hand, and the sight and smell of the original manuscript of his journal, proved quite satisfactory; and the old portfolios, with all the odd prints and

drawings, which Evelyn collected when he was a young man on the Continent, and sent home to his father at Wotton, delighted Godfrey; and not only him, but his friend the traveller, who had seen most of what is best worth seeing in the four quarters of the globe, examined, with minute curiosity and interest, every tattered remnant of the yellow paper notes in Evelyn's handwriting.

"Such is the power of a celebrated name, known all over Europe," said the traveller.

"Such, my dear son," said Godfrey's father, "is the interest inspired by those, who, during their lives, distinguish themselves among their fellow creatures by knowledge, talents, and virtue; and who, after their death,

leave, in their works, records of their not having lived in vain."

All the company now set out upon their walk. The woods of Wotton surpassed the expectations of old and young. As to the country gentleman, he was in a state of continual enthusiasm; the more remarkable, as till now he had shown no symptoms of warmth on any other subject. He stopped frequently to exclaim, at the sight of the magnificent extent of the woods, "Ha! These forest trees do honour, indeed, to Evelyn's Sylva, or Sylva's father! He planted Wotton. What one man can do when he sets about it! All that you see planted by one man! As far as the eye can reach, and farther! Well! if any thing could teach men to be wise, and plant in

time, certainly such a sight as this would do it !”

“ *Do it,*” said the orator to himself, is but a flat ending.”

Godfrey’s father sighed, and observed, that all he now saw, and all he now heard, made him regret that he had not early in life planted more : “ My son will, I hope, be wiser than I have been.”

“ Orlando, my father means,” said Godfrey to Rosamond, whose eyes immediately turned upon him.

“ But, father, by the bye,” continued Godfrey, “ I want to ask you a question ; I have something to say.”

“ *By the bye, and I want to ask you a question, I have something to say,* might be omitted,” whispered the orator to Laura. “ Pardon me ; but

your brother, I see, intends to be an orator; and, as I am sure he will always have something to say, he will do well to avoid any of these *bye-words* and useless prefaces."

Godfrey, without having the benefit of this counsel at the moment, went on with his speech to his father, entirely to the country gentleman's satisfaction, for the purport of it was to declare his intentions, as soon as he should arrive at years of discretion, to plant a small portion of land, which his grandfather had left to him, and of which, as it was mountain and moorland, he could make no better use. His father promised to assist him in carrying this laudable resolution into effect, even before Godfrey should arrive at legal years of discretion. From this moment it was observed, that Godfrey,

and with him Rosamond, who sympathized in all her brother's concerns and projects, listened with much increased interest to all that was said upon the subject of planting and fencing, and on the growth, cutting, pruning, and profit of trees. She and Godfrey often assisted the country gentleman in measuring, with hatband and handkerchief, the girth of many prodigious trees, and, in return, received from him much useful information for the management of the future woods on the *Moorland estate*. Laura, meantime, was equally happy in making some rapid sketches of the picturesque groups of trees present to her eye, and was kindly assisted by the traveller, who was master of the art of drawing, and who knew, as well as Kennion himself, how, by skilful touches, to give

to each different tree or grove the peculiar character of their respective growth and foliage. In one lesson, given in this manner, by a person who began by insisting, that she should not draw a line without knowing with what intent, and for what purpose, Laura said she learned more of the art than she had acquired in previous months and years from common masters. She was so eager at her work, that she could hardly leave it, even when most peremptorily summoned by Godfrey and Rosamond, to all the joys of dining in a tent! a marquee! with its red streamer flying!

There is an age, and Laura, Godfrey, and Rosamond were of that age, when it is one of the great pleasures of life to dine in a tent; and the more inconvenient the place, and the fewer

the customary luxuries of life, the better, because the greater must be the occasion for making every thing answer some purpose for which it was never originally intended, and consequently the more laughter, the more enjoyment, the more delight. On the present occasion, perhaps, the tent and the arrangements were rather too convenient for Godfrey and Rosamond, but they better suited the more mature taste of their father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Egerton, and even of the traveller, who loved his ease, he owned, when he could have it; and of the country gentleman, who loved always to have every thing *comfortable*, even at a *fête champêtre*.

After dinner, while the company were walking from the tent to the avenue, where they were to meet the

carriages, Godfrey and Rosamond went to the gardens to see the fountain; and, while they were looking at it, Helen came running to them. "The horses are all ready! Oh! I have run so fast!" cried she. "Rosamond, I am glad I am in time to ask you, if you are going to ride all the way back?"

"Yes, that I am," said Rosamond. "if you please."

"I do please: but, my dear Rosamond, I came to beg you will take care when you come to the black lane."

"The black lane!" repeated Rosamond, with a look of alarm.

"Yes," said Helen: "the poney, though the gentlest creature, and the quietest at all other times, is always restive when she comes to that lane."

“What a horrid place it must be!” said Rosamond.

“But why?” said Godfrey.

“Because,” answered Helen, “the poney once ran away down that lane with our servant Richard’s son, and threw him.”

“A child, I suppose, that did not know how to sit a horse,” said Godfrey.

“But is that the reason it is called the black lane? Why is it called by that terrific name?” said Rosamond, on whose imagination the name made more impression than the reality of the danger. But to her question she could obtain no satisfactory answer: Helen did not know, or did not hear what she said, for Godfrey was proving to her, that it must have been the

boy's fault that the poney threw him. Then anxious to quiet Rosamond's apprehensions, who, as she observed, looked excessively alarmed, Helen began to soften her first hasty representation.

"My dear Rosamond," said she, "you need not be the least afraid of my poney; she is the gentlest creature in the world, except just when she comes to the turn to the black lane."

"Oh, that horrible lane! Do tell me all about it?" said Rosamond.

"I have nothing to tell, but that the poney formerly lived there."

"Lived in the black lane!" said Rosamond.

"Yes; she was bought from the farmer, who lives at the end of the lane, and she always wants to turn

down there, because she has an affection for the place, that's all."

"That's all," said Godfrey; "she is the quietest creature in the world; I could ride her with a rein of worsted: but Helen is a little bit of a coward, and is frightened if a horse moves its ears."

"Well, I know I am a coward," said Helen; "and I only tell you, Rosamond, there's no danger, I know, if you let Richard lead her past the lane, or just let him ride between you and the turn."

"But why Richard?" said Godfrey; "I can take care of her as well as Richard."

"Oh, certainly; but I would rather have Richard, too, when we come to the dangerous place," said Rosamond.

“ To the black lane !” said Godfrey.
“ That name has run away with Rosamond’s imagination. See, how frightened she looks !”

“ Not at all, brother,” said Rosamond, “ only I think—”

“ I think,” interrupted Godfrey, “ to settle the matter at once, if you are a coward you had better not ride at all, my dear.”

While Rosamond stood doubtful, between the fear of the black lane, and the fear that her brother should think her a coward, they came up to the place where the horses were standing, and Richard, the servant, who usually rode with Helen, called “ Careful Richard,” led the poney up to his mistress. In reply to Godfrey and Rosamond’s instant questions, concerning the habits and disposition of the poney, Richard

patted her fondly, declaring there was not a quieter creature upon earth ; she never ran away but once, and that was the boy's fault who was riding her.

"So I told you, Rosamond," cried Godfrey.

"But I don't care whose fault it was," said Rosamond. "Helen says, the poney always wants to run off down the lane."

That she might have a liking to turn down the lane where she had formerly lived, Richard would not take upon him to deny ; "but, Sir," added he, turning to Godfrey, "she never attempts such a thing, or thinks of it, except when Miss Helen is riding her, who is so very *timoursome*, and the poney knows she can do as she pleases."

Godfrey laughed at Helen's coward-

ice; and Rosamond's fear of being laughed at, conquered her fear of the lane; so patting the pretty bright bay poney, who stood as quiet as a lamb, she declared she was not the least afraid now, and that she would not upon any account give up her ride with Godfrey: so Godfrey praising her spirit, she sprang up on the poney, proud to show that she was not timour-some. Her father, who had not heard what had passed, joined them just as she had mounted, and they set out all together. Rosamond, afraid to show Godfrey some fears, that still lurked in her secret soul, did not mention it to her father. Once she was going to say something of it, but Godfrey praised her way of holding her bridle, and that put it out of her head. The traveller and his sister were of the riding party

this evening. The traveller's sister was a remarkably good horsewoman, and the conversation turned upon cowards, "who die many times before their death; and the valiant, who never taste of death but once." It was observed by the traveller and his sister, that Rosamond would ride very well; that she had a very good seat; that she had a much better seat than Helen; that she was not a coward, &c. All these observations flattered Rosamond not a little; she found the poney go remarkably well, and her spirits rose: she got from a canter into a gallop, and went on so fast, that her father several times called to her, to desire her not to ride so fast, and to keep near him: but she, proud to show her horsemanship, went on with Godfrey, who admired, and was proud of his sister's *spirit*, as

he called it. The evening was fine and the road good, and all went on charmingly, Rosamond pretending to be quite at ease, and Godfrey so completely deceived by her seeming bravery, that he got deep into a calculation concerning his future plantations, and into the plan of the house which he was to build, with the profits of the trees he was reckoning before they were planted.

"You shall draw the plan of my house, Rosamond," said he.

"I will, certainly," said Rosamond. "But, brother, will you get me a bough for this poney, the flies are teasing her sadly, I think."

"Not at all, my dear. My library shall be a great deal larger, I promise you, than the library at Wotton: do you recollect how many feet long the

library at Egerton Abbey is, Rosamond ? ”

“ I don’t recollect, indeed,” said Rosamond : “ twenty, thirty—the poney certainly is growing uneasy ;” thought she, “ I believe we are coming to the black lane.”

“ Twenty, thirty ! my dear, what can you be thinking of ?—nearer forty ! I believe, after all, you are afraid of the horse flies.”

“ Not the least,” said Rosamond, struggling to conceal her fears ; “ forty, nearer forty, as you say, I believe it is.”

“ Well, my library shall be full forty feet long ; and what breadth, Rosamond ? ”

“ Breadth ! oh, very broad ; any breadth,” said Rosamond. “ But what place is this we are coming to, God-

frey ? ” said she, looking to some trees, and a house at a little distance. “ Now we are coming to the black lane,” thought she, but she did not dare to tell her fears, or to pronounce the name.

“ I see nothing but a farm house; I don’t know whose it is, and what does it signify,” said Godfrey. “ My library shall have Gothic windows, which you like, don’t you, Rosamond ? ”

“ Oh yes, Gothic ; yes, certainly. But do call Richard, brother, for the saddle is turning, or going to turn, I believe ; the girth is too tight, or too loose, or something.”

“ No such thing,” said Godfrey, “ the saddle is not turning, or going to turn.”

“ Richard! Richard! get down and look at the girths,” said Rosamond.

Richard alighted, and examined the girths.

“ Pray what place is that to the right?” said she.

“ The black lane, Miss,” said Richard. “ The girths are tight enough, Sir.”

“ Pray, Richard, why is this lane called *black*?” asked Rosamond.

“ On account, Miss, of the hedges being all of blackthorn. In former times it used to be called blackthorn lane, so, then came to be, for shortness, black lane.”

On hearing this explanation, all the sublime and mysterious ideas Rosamond had formed of the black lane

were instantly dispelled, and she was now only apprehensive that her brother should find them out, and laugh at her. Therefore, going to the contrary extreme, she in a moment went from cowardice to rashness; she would neither allow the servant to ride on, as he proposed, that he might keep between her and the turn to the lane; nor would she let Godfrey take her bridle, nor yet would she wait till her father should come up. On she went, cantering, to prove that she was not *timour-some*, and to raise Godfrey's admiration of her courage: but at the moment when her courage was most wanting, unfortunately it suddenly failed; just as she came to the turn she lost her presence of mind, and, looking down the lane, checked the

bridle, turned the poney's head the wrong way: Godfrey snatched at her bridle, missed it, and off she went down the lane full gallop, Rosamond screaming, Godfrey and the groom after her. There was a gate at the end of the lane, leading into the farm yard: the poney stopped suddenly at the gate, and Rosamond was thrown over her head, and over the gate into the yard: Godfrey was so much terrified, that he saw no more; the groom rode on; and when he came to the gate he saw Rosamond lying on a heap of straw, which had been left in the farm yard, and on which most happily she had been thrown. She was stunned, however, by the fall, and lay motionless. Godfrey raised her up a little, and the moment she recovered her recollection she exclaimed,

"I am not hurt, my dear Godfrey; don't be frightened, I am not the least hurt."

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" cried Godfrey.

"Thank God!" repeated Rosamond: and starting up to convince her brother that she was not hurt, she attempted to walk; but the instant she put her left foot to the ground, she felt that her ankle was strained.

"Never mind it," said she, sitting down again; "the pain is not great, Godfrey; if you can put me upon the poney again, I think I can ride home; it is only three miles: that will be best; then, I shall not alarm my father and mother; so say nothing about it. I dare say the pain will go off, and I shall be well to-morrow. Besides, you know, Mrs. *What's her name* says, that

nobody will ever be a good horse-woman, who does not get upon her horse again directly after having had a first fall. I am determined I will not give it up; I will go through it with spirit."

Godfrey admired her courage, though he insisted upon telling all that had happened when they should arrive at home: he did not object to her remounting the poney. Rosamond had secretly hoped, that he would have objected to it; and now, between her pretended courage and her real cowardice, she was in a great difficulty.

The groom, standing with the stirrup in hand, was anxious that she should remount and ride home, and that nothing more should be said; while the prudent farmer and his wife, who had come out into the yard to quiet

their dogs, and to offer assistance, dissuaded Rosamond from the attempt; and the farmer giving the nod of authority to one of his sons, the boy ran off, quick as an arrow from a bow; he ran till he met the riding party, and told what had happened. In a few minutes, and before the groom could settle girths and curb to Rosamond's satisfaction, she saw her father galloping down the lane. This lane was so narrow, that the carriage could not come along it to the farm yard. Her father forbid the attempt to remount the poney; and Rosamond was carried to the landau, and laid on the front seat. Her mother and Laura had suffered much from anxiety during the time that necessarily passed till the arrival of Rosamond, who, much more than the pain of her ankle, felt sorrow for

having alarmed all her friends so much; and she regretted, but regretted in vain, being the cause of ending, in such a vexatious manner, this happy day.

It was difficult to be angry with Rosamond, however well inclined to it her friends might feel: her contrition turned away their anger. Her chief concern was to prevent any share of the blame from falling on her brother. Godfrey all the time reproached himself for not having taken better care of her. How they at last divided the shares of blame among them we never could accurately learn; but we know; that, contrary to the usual practice on such occasions, all were ready to take to themselves a just portion; and a due, but not more than a due share, we believe, was thrown upon the

poney. To the honour of Helen we must record, that she did not above three times repeat, that she had warned Godfrey of the danger; and that she had from the first advised Rosamond to be careful at that turn to the black lane.

Upon examination it was found, that Rosamond's ankle was very much bruised and swelled. The pain increased during the night, so that her hopes of being almost well next morning, vanished when the day arrived; and even to her sanguine imagination it appeared a little doubtful, whether she should be quite well before the important evening fixed for a dance to be given at Egerton Abbey the ensuing week. Meantime, during her confinement to the house and to the sofa, she

had leisure for some salutary reflections.

“After all, mamma,” said she, “I was blamed for being too courageous, but the fact was, that I was too cowardly. I was afraid to let Godfrey see that I was afraid; I deceived him by my pretended bravery, and that was the reason he did not take care of me at the right time: all this arose from my wanting to show that I could ride better than Helen. In short, I was thinking more of what people would say of me, than of what was prudent. However, I have had a good lesson now, mamma; no danger of my forgetting it as long as I live! You need not smile, Laura: depend upon it, that as long as ever I live, if I live a hundred years, I never will again be

so foolish as to hazard my life, and to alarm all my friends, merely for the sake of being praised for not being *timoursome*."

Her mother much approved of this resolution. "And, depend upon it, Laura," repeated Rosamond, "it is a resolution I shall keep, though I know you are sure that I shall not."

"Sure! Oh no," said Laura; "but I only fear a little, that Godfrey—"

"Never fear," interrupted Rosamond. "I am too wise now."

During the remainder of this day, and for two or three succeeding days, Rosamond continued in the same prudent and cautious mood; and this lasted till the swelling of the ankle abated, the inflammation ceased, the bruises faded, in due course, from black

to blue, and from blue to yellow. Then Rosamond, soon forgetting the taste of pain, began again to entertain high thoughts of future rides, especially when she saw Godfrey with his boots on, his whip in his hand, and his horse, his bright black horse, led round within view of the windows.

“What a delightful day! I am glad you are going to ride, brother,” said she.

“And I am sorry you cannot ride with me, poor dear Rosamond,” said he. “Your ankle is getting well, is not it?”

“Yes, quite well—almost,” said Rosamond. “Very soon I shall be able to walk again; and I think I might ride before I walk, might not I? What do you think, Godfrey?”

“Certainly, I dare say,” said Godfrey.

“What do you think, Laura?”

“I think the stirrup would hurt you very much,” said Laura; “and that you had better wait, at least till your foot is quite well, before you attempt to ride again. But here comes mamma, ask her.”

“No, no,” said Rosamond, “I was only asking you; I will not ask her yet. Goodbye, brother.”

The next day Rosamond found that she could walk a little with a stick, and it was with some difficulty she submitted to be kept prisoner on the sofa. However, in the hope that she should the sooner be able to ride, she lay still.

The morning shone, and again the riding party appeared; and Godfrey, beside her sofa, again wished her good-

bye, and hoped she would be able to ride again very soon.

“Very soon,” said Rosamond; “I long to ride again.”

“I quite admire her spirit,” cried the traveller’s sister, drawing on her gloves, and walking out of the room as fast as the long swathings of her riding habit would permit. “I quite admire her spirit! and I prophesy, that she will make a capital horsewoman!”

“I always said so!” cried Godfrey, following her, but paused at the door to hear what Rosamond was saying.

“How soon do you think, mamma,” said Rosamond, “that I shall be able to ride again?”

“I do not know, my dear,” said her mother; “but whenever you do ride again, I hope you will remember your prudent resolutions.”

“ Oh yes,” said Rosamond ; “ I shall never forget the black lane.”

“ But you ought to forget it,” cried Godfrey, or you will never be a good horsewoman as long as you live, Rosamond, and you will be a coward at last.”

With this denunciation, pronounced with alarming emphasis, he shut the door, ran to mount his horse, and an instant afterwards Rosamond saw him galloping past the windows.

“ I hope I shall be able to ride to-morrow,” said she to Laura ; “ and I hope I shall not be a coward at last ; for after all, mamma, Godfrey would despise me if I were a coward ; so we must not think about the black lane too much, mamma.”

“ Not *too much*, my dear : I would not make you a coward, I would only make you prudent, if I could.”

“ Prudent ! Oh yes. But, mamma, did you hear Godfrey’s last words, that I ought quite to forget the black lane, or *I never shall be a good horsewoman as long as I live ?*”

“ Well, my dear,” said her mother, smiling at the earnest look of alarm with which Rosamond repeated these words ; “ and even suppose that terrible prophecy were to be accomplished, it is not the most dreadful thing that could happen to you ; nor would it even be the most glorious, if you accomplished the lady’s flattering prediction, and were to become a *most capital* horsewoman.”

Rosamond, blushing a little, answered, that indeed she had no ambition to be a *capital* horsewoman, but she really thought a woman ought not to be a coward.

In this last assertion she was uncontradicted by her mother.

Nothing more was said upon the subject at this time ; but when the surgeon, who attended Rosamond, came, she asked very anxiously whether she might ride the next day ; the surgeon advised against it, and gave her several good reasons, to which, in her disappointment, she did not much listen. The only words she retained were these : “ Whenever you can walk without pain, then you may safely venture to ride.”

No sooner was the surgeon gone, than Rosamond began trying “ how well ” she could walk ; and the occasional remonstrances of Laura, Mrs. Egerton, and her mother, were constantly answered with “ Indeed it does not hurt me.”

The next morning, when she got up,

she assured Laura that she could walk without pain — almost without pain. This, however, did not appear so clearly in her countenance as in her words; there was a wincing, every now and then, which betrayed that she suffered.

“ This is quite foolish, very imprudent, Rosamond,” said her mother. “ You may perhaps lame yourself for life, if you attempt in this manner to walk before your ankle is strong.”

“ My dear, be prudent,” said Mrs. Egerton, “ and submit to lie still on the sofa a few days longer.”

Rosamond, sighing, let herself be led back to the sofa after breakfast, and there, perhaps, she might quietly have remained all the morning; but it happened, that at a time when none of her guardians were beside her, Godfrey came in, and whispered, that in con-

sequence of what she had told him yesterday, that she could walk without pain, and that she might ride whenever she could walk without pain, he had ordered the poney to be brought to the door, that she might try." Rosamond shook her head, and answered, that she was afraid her mother would not be pleased; and that she was afraid Mrs. Egerton would not be pleased; and that, in short, she believed it would not be prudent.

"In short," said Godfrey, laughing, "you are afraid; that's the plain fact."

The lady, who had prophesied that Rosamond would be a capital rider, heard the words, and smiled a little, as in scorn: and after some more persuasion, Rosamond consented "just to try" whether it would hurt her to put her foot in the stirrup. She went to

put on her habit, and not finding either her mother or Laura, who had gone out to walk, she excused herself to herself for doing what she knew was imprudent, and what they would not approve, by thinking "They are too timid, too much afraid for me. I will only take one turn round the little back lawn; and the surgeon said, that when I could walk without pain I might ride; and now it gives me very little pain to walk."

Thus cheating her conscience, and forgetting her prudent resolutions, Rosamond went down stairs, crossing the hall quickly, lest she should be stopped by Mrs. Egerton, whose step she heard in a distant passage. Godfrey put her on the poney, and the lady, whose praise and prophecy had excited her

so much, looked out of the window, and admired her *spirit*.

"I am afraid it is imprudent," thought Rosamond, "but I cannot draw back now, it would seem so cowardly. I will only go once round this little lawn," said she, "and I shall be home again in five minutes."

As she went round the lawn, her ankle, she said, did not hurt her much,—
"that is, not very much."

As she came back, she was sorry, and a little alarmed, when she saw her father and mother standing at the hall door, waiting for her. Godfrey called out triumphantly, "You see I have brought her home quite safe."

Rosamond would have added something, but observing, that both her father and mother looked very grave,

she forgot the sentence about the surgeon, which she had prepared in her own defence, and could only say, "I hope you are not displeased with me, mamma? I am afraid, father, you are not pleased?"

Godfrey jumped from his horse, and ran to take her down from the poney.

"My ankle," said Rosamond, "does not give me any—*pain*," she would have said, had not her feelings at the moment, and the manner in which she walked, or attempted to walk, so contradicted the assertion, that she stopped short, and indeed was forced to catch hold of Godfrey's arm. Her father put him aside, saying, "Leave your sister to me, young man," in a tone which implied, "you are not fit to be trusted with her." Then taking her

up in his arms, her father carried her to the library, and to the sofa; she, all the time, going on with such apologies as she could make, more for Godfrey than for herself.

“It is not Godfrey’s fault; it was all my fault, indeed it was; he held my bridle all the time; I told him it did not hurt me at all.”

“It is very little satisfaction to me, that you told him what was false,” said her father.

“But I did not know it, papa, till afterwards, till I took my foot out of the stirrup.” Then she got out her favourite sentence about the surgeon, ending with an appeal to her mother. “You know, mamma, he said I might ride whenever I could walk without pain.”

“ But you *know*, Rosamond,” said her mother, in a tone which reappeared to her conscience, and required, in answer, the exactness of truth, “ you know, Rosamond, that you could *not* walk without pain.”

“ Not without a little pain,” said Rosamond.

“ And you recollect, Rosamond, that I had advised you not to attempt it, and you made a great many wise reflections and resolutions ; and yet you went and did directly the contrary to that, which you were convinced was best, the moment we left you.”

“ Oh, Laura, my dear, I wish you had been in our room when I went up to put on my habit,” said Rosamond.

“ How I wish I had not gone out,” said Laura.

“ But, my dear Laura, that was not

your fault. I only mean to say, mamma, that if either of you had been there I would not have gone without asking your advice and consent: and one thing more I may say in my own defence" ——

"No, no, Rosamond," interrupted her father, "let me hear no more childish defences and excuses; do not let me see you go back to all the faults of your childhood."

"Say no more, say no more, my dear Rosamond," whispered Godfrey, who stood in great anxiety at the back of the sofa, as close to her and as quiet as possible.

"You are no longer a child, Rosamond," continued her father; "and therefore I am seriously concerned to find, that you have so little prudence and steadiness."

“I assure you, my dear father,” said Rosamond, “I never will be so foolish, so imprudent again.”

“What satisfaction, or what security, my dear, can such assurances give me of your future conduct?” said her father. “I judge by actions, not by words.”

“But such a trifling action!” said Rosamond. “Surely you would not seriously judge of me, and be alarmed for my future conduct, by such a trifling imprudence: especially when” —

She stopped; for something in her father’s countenance warned her, that he knew what she was going to add, and that it would not avail.

“Especially when it has done no harm, you were going to say.”

“Yes, papa, that *was* what I was going to say.”

And that was what Godfrey's looks had been saying all the time.

“Your having escaped, if you have escaped hurting your ankle, or doing yourself any serious mischief, rather increases than lessens my alarm,” said her father; “because this would encourage you to venture to be again imprudent another time. You say, that I need not be alarmed, and that I should not judge of you by such a trifle: nothing is a trifle that marks an imprudent disposition in a woman: and by what can I judge of you but by such things? You are not called upon yet to make decisions for your own conduct in matters of consequence.”

“I am sure I am glad of it,” said Rosamond.

“But soon you will,” said her mo-

ther; “and consider, Rosamond, that then every trifling imprudence may be of serious consequence, irreparable consequence. If you are to be so easily swayed from your better judgment, so easily persuaded by any one who comes near you, so easily excited by any foolish praise or idle vanity, to act contrary to your own resolutions, contrary to your conviction of what is best, of what use will be all your good sense, all your good dispositions, all your good principles?”

“All my good education! All you have done for me!” said Rosamond.

“Oh, mamma!” —

Tears now flowed so fast, that she could say no more.

Godfrey then burst forth, and said,

“Father, I own I thought you were wrong, at first, and too angry about a

trifle; but now I understand your reasons, and my mother's; and I think you are quite right, and I was quite wrong; and I am sorry for it: but you shall see, that now, and for evermore, I am fit to be trusted with the care of my sister."

"I shall be glad of it; and still more glad to see, that she can be trusted with the care of herself," said her father.

"And I prophesy," said Mrs. Eger-ton, who had not till now spoken one word, "I venture to prophesy, that Rosamond, with so much candour, and so true a desire to improve, will become a most prudent woman."

"Rather a better prophecy for me," said Rosamond, wiping away her tears, and smiling, "than that I shall, with so much spirit, become a *most capital*

rider. But my dear, kind Mrs. Egerton, you are too good to me: the worst, the most foolish thing I did, in this whole business, you do not yet know: when I heard your voice at a distance I ran away, lest you should see me, and advise me not to go."

"That certainly was foolish, Rosamond; but now you have told me the worst thing you did, I must say, that the best thing you have done is to confess it so candidly," said Mrs. Egerton, kissing her.

"Don't flatter, don't spoil my daughter," said her father. "Let me see, that her candour is not of a useless sort. Let me see, that she is not one of those,

Who own their faults, but never mend."

THE PALANQUIN.

EITHER from the pressure on Rosamond's foot in riding, or from her precipitation in dismounting, a fresh twist had been given to her ankle. We pretend not to decide among disputed causes; the consequence was indisputable, that Rosamond was not able to walk again for a fortnight. But from almost all the unfortunate circumstances of life, and even from those evils which we have brought upon ourselves, by our own fault or folly,

some consoling, if not counterbalancing, good often arises, or may be drawn, by those who know how to make use of the lessons of experience. So it was with Rosamond. The amiable temper she showed, the patience with which she bore pain, disappointment, and confinement, increased the affection of all her friends, and especially of her brother Godfrey. He, considering himself as in part the cause of the blame and suffering she had incurred, was peculiarly sensible of her good temper and generosity, in never, directly or indirectly, reproaching or throwing on him any part of the blame. Innumerable little trials of temper, and some trials of prudence, occurred. Mrs. Egerton put off her ball, on Rosamond's account, for a week; but, when the adjourned day arrived, Ro-

samond's ankle was still weak; she *could* stand indeed, she *could* walk, and she believed she could dance, yet she had the prudence to forbear the attempt. She lay quietly all night on her sofa, a passive spectator of that ball, in which she had once hoped to have been a most active, perhaps a most admired, performer; for having had the best of dancing masters, having practised quadrilles the last season, in London, with great diligence and success, with some of the most promising rising geniuses of the age, and of the most fashionable names, Rosamond could not but be aware, that she had great chance of excelling any country competitors; and of being, perhaps, envied, as well as admired, for her superior skill. But even here there were counterbalancing advantages.

While she was a passive spectator, a sitter-by at this ball, she had opportunity of seeing, hearing, observing, and feeling much, for which otherwise she would have had no leisure. At this ball, which Mrs. Egerton intended for her young friends, there was assembled a great number of young ladies; and among these were two of Rosamond's London acquaintance, who danced for fame, and danced exceedingly well. There were others, who danced less well, but with more ease and gaiety of heart, and who were obviously free from anxiety, jealousy, or envy. Rosamond observed how much happier these were than *the exhibitors*; and, further, she heard the opinions of all the spectators near her, especially of her favourite traveller, who had seen so much of the world.

Whenever the exhibitors were dancing, the spectators pressed forward to see them; and after admiring and criticising, with a freedom which astonished Rosamond, they always ended by declaring, that they preferred dancing, which was quiet and gentlewoman-like, to that which was in itself superior, but which was evidently performed to produce effect, and to excite admiration.

Rosamond attended anxiously when her sister was spoken of; and she had the pleasure of hearing several, who did not know how much she was interested in what they were saying, bestow approbation of the most gratifying sort upon "that graceful, modest young person." Rosamond had, more than once, the satisfaction of answering, when asked, "Do you know that

young lady?" "Yes, Sir, she is my sister."

A lady, who was sitting near the sofa on which Rosamond lay, seemed to be attracted by something in her countenance, and drew nearer and nearer, till at last, by seizing the vacated places of those who stood up to dance, or to talk, she obtained the seat next to the arm of the sofa.

This lady was not young, nor very handsome, nor was she a person of fortune or rank; but she seemed one of the happiest persons in the room. She had a most benevolent, cheerful countenance, and took particular and delighted interest, in attending to some of the dancers. She was a Mrs. Harte. In times long past, she had been governess to a sister of Helen's, who died; and Mrs. Egerton, sensible of

her merit, had assisted in establishing her in a school in the neighbourhood. Many of the young people who were at this ball had been her pupils; and Mrs. Egerton had invited her, on purpose that she might have the satisfaction of seeing them and their parents. The parents and the young people all loved and respected her. When Rosamond saw the affectionate manner in which they all came and spoke to Mrs. Harte, she could not help being interested for her, though she was a stranger to this lady.

Rosamond's pleasure this evening arose chiefly from her sympathy in these benevolent feelings. Though her ankle at times gave her pain, and though she was prevented from dancing, of which, independently of all vanity, she was naturally and heartily fond, yet she was very happy.

As she observed to Laura, when they went to rest, she was much happier than she had been at the ball at the Folliott Browns, or on any occasion where she had only enjoyed the triumphs, or mixed in the petty competitions, of vanity.

Mrs. Harte's young friends, in talking over old times with her, this night, recurred to many "*very happy days*" of their childhood; and, among others, they mentioned that time when they acted a certain *tiny* play, which a friend wrote on purpose for them, and which they performed merely among themselves, and for Mrs. Harte's amusement. Rosamond wished to know the name of this *tiny* play. The name did not promise much—"The Dame-school Holiday." However, Rosamond's eyes

still expressing some wish to know more, Mrs. Harte obligingly offered to have it looked for, promising that, if the prompter's mutilated copy could be found, it should be sent to her in the course of a week ; or that, if she could wait so long as a fortnight, a *perfect* copy should be made, which she might keep for ever. Of course, she chose that which might be kept for ever.

Next day, Rosamond told Godfrey of this promise, and asked him, whether he did not think, that a certain waste room in Egerton Abbey, would make a charming theatre : but Godfrey augured ill from the title ; observed, that a *tiny* play must be stupid ; and as to a theatre, he had not time to think of it. Godfrey was then quite intent upon making a palanquin, on which

he and Laura might carry Rosamond round the grounds, without injury to her sprained ankle.

Rosamond would much rather have had the play than the palanquin, she said; but Godfrey held to his purpose, and insisted upon it, that he would finish the palanquin; and she saw that she must be delighted with it, though she confessed to Laura, she was more afraid of being carried on it than of mounting the poney. As she justly observed, "It is really provoking to be forced to be obliged to a person for something, which you would rather he should not do; especially when there is something else that you wish very much to have done."

"It is a little trial of temper, certainly," said her mother; "but such continually occur, even between the

best friends ; and there is no possibility of making or keeping good friends, my dear, without such little sacrifices of the fancies and humours. Either you or your brother, you see, must give up to the other the fancy of the moment."

"Then I will give it up!" cried Rosamond. "I will say no more to him about acting the play, and I will be pleased with the palanquin he is making for me, if I can. If I can, mamma," repeated she. "You know, if I really cannot like it I must say so ; but I will say it as kindly to Godfrey as I can."

Rosamond refrained, though not without some difficulty, from saying any thing more to Godfrey about the play ; and he went on working indefatigably at his own favourite project ;

till at length, with the assistance of his father, and of a carpenter, and with an old chair bottom, and two poles, Godfrey did contrive to make a solid, safe, commodious palanquin. Rosamond acknowledged it was very well made; and, without trembling much, she suffered herself to be placed upon it; and when she had made this conquest of herself she was soon delighted, even to Godfrey's complete satisfaction, with the palanquin, and with the palanquin bearers. Of these she had many relays, for her patience and good humour, during her long confinement, had so much interested every body at Egerton Abbey in her favour, that all were eager to assist Godfrey in his schemes for her amusement. When her brother, or her father, or Laura, were tired of carrying her palanquin,

the traveller and the country gentleman were eager to offer their services: and the orator once stopped half way in a fine simile, and ran to put his shoulder under her palanquin. In this manner Rosamond was carried in triumph, as Godfrey called it; but, what was much better, carried in kindness: she enjoyed many a fine day, and many a pleasant expedition. The palanquin became her greatest delight; and Godfrey's satisfaction in his success, and in his sister's obliging manner of accepting his kindness, was at least equal to her pleasure.

“How glad I am, mamma, that I really and truly do like the palanquin!” whispered she to her mother, one evening. “I am glad that I tried it fairly, instead of telling my brother, that I was sure I should never like it.”

“ But,” said the travelled lady, “ I have seen such handsome palanquins ! I wish you had seen such palanquins as I have seen ! ”

“ I wish I had,” said Rosamond. “ I mean, I am glad I have not ; for then, perhaps, I should not like mine so well.”

“ It would be well enough if it had but something like curtains ; but, really, a palanquin without curtains is little better than a hand-barrow.”

Rosamond looked at Godfrey, and Godfrey looked at Rosamond, and they both grew rather melancholy.

The next day, Rosamond found the flies, and the sun, and the dust, and the wind, very troublesome ; and Godfrey, after having in vain contended that there was no wind, no dust, no sun, and very few flies, grew angry,

and said something about the unreasonableness of women, who were never satisfied ; and made some allusion to a foolish princess in the Arabian Tales, who grew dissatisfied with her delightful palace, from the moment that an old woman told her it wanted a roc's egg.

Rosamond, vexed by the mixture of truth and falsehood, justice and injustice, in her brother's observations, declared, that she could no longer bear " the sun shining so full in her eyes."

Laura took off her green veil at this moment, and threw it over Rosamond's head, whispering, as she tied it on, " The sun was as hot, and hotter, than it is now, when I one day saw Godfrey hard at work, for hours, at this palanquin, for you, Rosamond ; so I am sure you will bear the sun in your

eyes for five minutes, rather than vex him."

Rosamond immediately recollected herself, and begging her palanquin bearers to stop for one minute, placed herself with her back to the sun, and assured Godfrey, that she was now quite comfortable; and no further complaints were heard of sun, wind, dust, or flies.

Godfrey, as soon as they reached the house, began to consult in secret with Laura, upon the possibility and the best means of making curtains to the palanquin. Now it happened, that Laura had bought some pretty green silk, with which she had intended to make bags for two chiffonieres; but when she saw how much Godfrey and Rosamond wished for the palanquin curtains, she determined that she

would give up her chiffonieres. Accordingly, she rose an hour and a half earlier than usual the next morning, and the curtains were made, and the rings sewn on, and the strings too, before she was called to breakfast. Godfrey was much delighted, for though he had contrived how the curtains could very easily be put up, and though he had provided himself with four brass rods belonging to some old window blinds, which Dr. Egerton had been so good as to say were at his service, yet he had been quite at a loss for something of which to make the curtains. Mrs. Egerton's stores, and the housekeeper's chests, had all been rummaged in vain. He never knew, however, the extent of Laura's kindness, till Rosamond saw the palanquin with its curtains, when she immediately

exclaimed, "Oh Laura, this is your doing! You have given me the silk which you intended for your chiffo-nieres; but I cannot bear to rob you of it."

Laura, who knew how to do kindness, so as to prevent her friends from ever feeling uneasy, in the thought, that they deprived her of any pleasure, assured Rosamond, that these curtains might do just as well for her chiffo-nieres, after they had been used for the palanquin; and, that therefore she had more pleasure from her green silk, than she had ever expected that this or any other green silk could give her.

Rosamond, Godfrey, and Laura, were now pleased with themselves, and with each other, as friends always are, when they feel that they have each,

even in trifles, borne and forborne from mutual kindness.

The travelled lady found many faults with the manner in which the curtains were made; and suggested several things which would be necessary, to make Rosamond's palanquin like those which she had seen. In particular, a tassel in the middle was indispensable. But Rosamond smiled at Godfrey, and said, that she was quite satisfied without the roc's egg.

THE FOREST DRIVE.

"THE time will soon come, when you will be able to ride again, Miss Rosamond," said the traveller's sister. But Rosamond never attempted to ride, till she could *honestly* walk without pain; and, when she rode, it was in a manner which convinced her father, that she was not one of those

Who own their faults, but never mend.

The next time she came within sight of the black lane, she permitted—no,

let us do her justice, she requested Careful Richard to lead her horse past the dangerous turn, even in the face and front of all the remonstrances, and ridicule, which the traveller's sister threw, or might have thrown, upon her want of *spirit*; even while a denunciation sounded on her ear, that now she would "never be a capital horsewoman."

Her father was satisfied in the main point which he had in view, and which he knew to be of so much consequence to his daughter's future character and happiness; quite satisfied, since she showed herself able to do steadily what she believed to be best, without being influenced to the contrary by praise, blame, persuasion, or example.

After the traveller's sister had left Egerton Abbey, and when there could

be no longer any doubt of the motive, when Rosamond had proved, that she had conquered her foolish ambition to be a distinguished and a desperate rider, her father took her with him to the black lane, and taught her to manage her horse, so as to pass and repass in perfect safety.

Though the traveller's sister had left Egerton Abbey, the traveller himself still remained there, much to the satisfaction of all the young people, as his varied conversation, full of interesting information, made him a most agreeable companion; and he was so good-natured, as to bestow much of his time and attention upon Laura, Rosamond, and Godfrey.

Rosamond, though now able to walk without pain, was advised to avoid fatiguing her ankle, which was not

yet quite strong ; therefore she did not venture upon any long expedition. One day, some walk too distant for her had been proposed ; Helen, Laura, and Godfrey, jointly and severally, offered to give it up, and to take some shorter walk, which Rosamond knew was not half so pretty ; and a generous debate on the subject was warmly commencing, when Mrs. Egerton moved, that Rosamond should accompany her in the garden chair, as she said, she particularly wished for her company for one hour ; but that she would let her walk back with her younger friends.

The place of reunion was settled to be at the old white gate into the forest ; and whichever of the parties should arrive first was to wait for the other. This point being carefully agreed upon,

and very necessary it is to be accurate in such agreements, for all who would avoid disappointments and dissensions, the parties set out on their different roads.

As Mrs. Egerton took the same way which she had formerly gone, when they went to see the paralytic woman, Rosamond said, "I know now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, where we are going; and I am glad of it; for I long to see that poor creature, and that grateful girl again. Why would you never answer any of my questions about them?"

"You shall have all your questions satisfactorily answered presently, my dear," said Mrs. Egerton. "You know you are lately grown remarkable for patience; and since you will not

have your curiosity satisfied, perhaps this half hour, think of something else."

"How difficult it is to think of something else, when one is bid to do it," said Rosamond. "The other day, when Godfrey insisted upon my never thinking of what colour Dr. Egerton's new horse was to be, I found that black, grey, and brown, *would* flit before my eyes, till I drove them away by an excellent expedient; by trying to recollect, and repeat to myself, some lines which Laura and I had just been learning."

"Try the experiment again, now," said Mrs. Egerton, "and let me be the better for it."

"But you know the poem, I am sure, ma'am," said Rosamond. "It was one of those translations from the

Arabic, which Dr. Egerton read to us; the lines, you know, by the generous Hatem."

"I have not the honour, or pleasure, of being acquainted with the generous Hatem," said Mrs. Egerton.

"Is it possible, ma'am, you can have forgotten him?"

"I never heard any lines about him, my dear."

"True; I remember, now, that you were out of the room when they were read. Now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, if you do not like them as well as Laura and I do, I shall be so sorry."

"Well, my love, let me hear them, and then I can judge."

"But as you were not in the room, when the poem was read, perhaps you did not hear the anecdotes of Hatem, which are given in the preface to the

poem, by the translator; I forget his name, but I know he was a professor of Arabic, and from Cambridge."

"Well, my love, never mind his name, but let me hear what he says of Hatem," said Mrs. Egerton.

"He says, ma'am, that 'his poems expressed the charms of beneficence, and his practice evinced that he wrote from his heart.'"

"That was well said for him and his poems; but does he give any instance of his generosity?"

"He was," continued Rosamond, "in his time, as famous for beneficence as the far-famed Aboulcasem. It was common in the East, when any person did a generous action, to say, 'that he was as generous as Hatem.' One of the anecdotes he tells in proof of his generosity is this:—

“ ‘ The Emperor of Constantinople, having heard much of Hatem’s liberality, resolved to make trial of it: for this purpose he dispatched a person from his court, to request a particular horse, which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem’s abode in a dark, tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from the emperor. Hatem seemed concerned. “If,” said he, “you had yesterday apprized me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the emperor’s request; but the horse he asks is now no more;

being surprised by your sudden arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper." Hatem immediately ordered, that the finest horses he had yet remaining should be brought, and begged the ambassador to present them to his master. The prince, as the history says, could not but admire this mark of Hatem's generosity; and owned, that he truly merited the title of the most liberal among men.' "

Notwithstanding her wish to agree with Rosamond in admiring Hatem's generosity, Mrs. Egerton could not help regretting the killing and eating of the fine horse.

Rosamond was averse to the eating, but thought the killing grand. In favour of the eating, too, it was to be

observed, that the Arabians prefer the flesh of horses to any other food. But even so, why should the ambassador be regaled with this most valuable of horses, which was so desired, too, by the emperor? Could not this ambassador have waited for his supper, while some of the other horses were brought in from the meadows? It is not fair, Mrs. Egerton allowed, to try Arabic actions by English laws; and she was willing to allow, that this instance of Hatem's liberality is curious, as a picture of Arabian manners; but as to the positive merit of the generosity, she thought that was questionable. This involved discussions on many other points; for instance, whether the merit of generosity depends on the pain it costs, or the pleasure it bestows; whether its merit depends on

the greatness of the sacrifice, or on its utility: whether it be true, that our virtues all depend on sacrifices of some of our selfish feelings; or, whether it be true only, that some of our virtues cannot be practised, without requiring some such sacrifices. Wide and deep subjects of thought were displayed to Rosamond's inquiring mind; her friend just opened them, and left them there.

Meanwhile they had gone three miles on the beaten road, and then had turned into the forest; and Rosamond, wakening to external objects, found that she was in a pleasant glade in the wood, within view of a cottage; not that cottage in which she had formerly seen the paralytic woman. This was in another part of the forest, and in a less picturesque situation, perhaps; but it was a more comfortable looking

dwelling, well thatched, well glazed, and in neat repair. They got out of their carriage, and walked to the cottage. A man, who was at work in the garden, threw down his spade, and came to meet them. Mrs. Egerton asked this man, an honest-faced, good-natured looking farmer, whether all was going on well, and whether he and his wife were satisfied with their bargain, and their new lodgers? "Quite satisfied," the man answered; and that all was "going on, and likely to go on, well."

It was here that Mrs. Egerton had settled the paralytic woman, and the grateful girl. The mistress of this house, who next appeared at the door, was, as her countenance bespoke her, and as her husband called her, as good-tempered, kind-hearted a soul as ever

breathed ; as active and notab'le a dame, moreover, as the scolding hostess. This farmer and his wife were tenants of Dr. Egerton's, so that Mrs. Egerton was well acquainted with their conduct, and with all their affairs. They had, she knew, been kind to a servant girl, who had lived with them several years, and who was just married, and had left them, with their goodwill, though much to their inconvenience. From this experience of their kind conduct (the only safe test), Mrs. Egerton formed her expectations, that they would behave well to those whom she placed under their protection. And she took great care, in making the agreement and arrangements, that all should be for the reciprocal advantage of the parties concerned ; and that all should be perfectly well understood.

The farmer's wife was often obliged to be absent from home, at market, and wanted a servant she could trust with her children; the grateful girl was just such a one as she needed. The paralytic woman, having still the use of her hands and her head, could be useful also to the children, because she had a little learning; just as much as was not a dangerous thing for poor children. She could teach them to read and write, and a little arithmetic; and she could teach the girls to sew and to knit; and, as she said, even the very thought, that she could do something still, and that she could be in any way useful to those that took charge of her, was a great ease to her mind, in her state; *sad* state she no longer called it. Rosamond now saw her in a light, neat, comfortable room,

on a bed with sheets as white as snow; and there she was sitting, with the children round her; one knitting, or learning to knit, and another reading to her.

The grateful girl, though she still looked as if her health required care, had no longer that hectic flush and overworked appearance, nor the expression of anxiety on her countenance, which had marked the depression on her mind. She looked the picture, the reality of happiness.

"And oh, Madam Egerton! best of all! thanks to you," said she, "for settling that I was to pay for the room for her. Little as it is, what a pleasure it is to me to be still earning it for her."

Mrs. Egerton had taken particular care, that this girl should still enjoy

the satisfaction of providing for the paralytic woman, for whom she had so long worked with such grateful perseverance. It would have been easy to have paid for the lodging, but this would have been less real kindness than permitting her still to feel, that she exercised to good purpose her kind affections: on which kind affections, whether in health or sickness, riches or poverty, whether in the highest or lowest stations of life, so large a portion of the happiness of human creatures depends.

Rosamond observed, that by judicious arrangements much had been done for these poor people, without Mrs. Egerton's having given them, or having laid out much money; and she began to think, that it would be possible for her to do good without pos-

sessing the wealth of Hatem, of Aboutcasem, or of the Polish Countess.

The walking party staid for Mrs. Egerton at the white gate, as appointed; a degree of punctuality worth recording, because it is of rare occurrence. Rosamond, however, instead of walking, as had been proposed, chose to go home in the garden chair with Mrs. Egerton, that she might talk to her, her thoughts being still intent upon all they had seen in the cottage, and especially on the happiness of the grateful girl.

“She is much happier than if she was rich,” said Rosamond. “I think the poor have infinitely greater opportunities of showing one another affection, and kindness, and gratitude, than the rich can ever have. Consider what sacrifices they make every day to one

another, even of the necessities of life. Our sacrifices are nothing to these: when we leave the finest peach for our neighbour, as you did yesterday," said Rosamond, smiling, "that may be very polite, but there is no great generosity in such things."

"Very true," said Mrs. Egerton.

"Then as to gratitude," continued Rosamond, "it often happens, that the persons to whom one feels the most obliged are in a situation of life where one can do nothing for them."

"There I differ from you, my dear," said Mrs. Egerton.

"Why, my dear ma'am, for instance, what can I do for you?"

"Have you forgotten (I can never forget) all the kindness you showed me when I was ill in London?" replied Mrs. Egerton; "and I know the whole of '*The nine days' trial.*'"

“How could you know about that? Godfrey must have told it to you,” said Rosamond. “That is just like him, and I love him the better for it: I don’t mean for telling it to praise me, but”—

“I understand you perfectly,” said Mrs. Egerton.

“But to return to what we were talking of,” said Rosamond. “These are such little proofs of affections, such insignificant proofs of gratitude, compared with what the poor can and do show each other.”

“My dear Rosamond,” said Mrs. Egerton, “though in our rank of life we are not often called upon to sacrifice the necessities, or even the luxuries of life, to prove our gratitude; yet we are often called upon for sacrifices of our humours, our time, our pleasures, our selfish interests in many

ways; so that altogether, though the trials may be very different, yet they are full as constant and as great. For instance: I know in this neighbourhood a young lady of about Laura's age, who" —

Mrs. Egerton stopped, and seemed considering.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Egerton, pray go on: you know a young lady in this neighbourhood, about Laura's age. What is her name? Did I ever see her? Shall I ever see her?"

"Her name is Louisa Dudley. You have never seen her: but I think perhaps you may see her; and I was considering how we could manage it."

"Thank you, thank you, ma'am. I recollect hearing the name before. Miss Dudley! Louisa Dudley! I remember now, that was the name I

heard you and Mrs. Harte, and all those young ladies, repeat so often the night of the ball — Louisa Dudley, whom they all wished so much had been there: and something was said about the reason why she could not come; something about the odd tempers of the people she is with. Will you tell me all about it, my dear ma'am?"

Mrs. Egerton smiled, and answered, that now she had excited her curiosity she would not tell her more; but that she should either hear or see more in a few days. "And now," added Mrs. Egerton, "to prevent your curiosity from preying upon you, amuse yourself and me, my dear, by repeating those lines of Hatter's."

MORNING VISITS.

“MORNING visits ! This whole morning to be sacrificed to the returning of those visits !” said Rosamond. “This finest of days, which I had laid out for finishing my view of the Abbey ! How I hate morning visiting !”

“I do not love it more than you do, my dear,” said her mother ; “and I wish that the custom were laid aside ; but in living in society, there are many little sacrifices we must make to civility.”

“ Yes, I know that you, mamma, must return the visits of all those people who called upon you; but why must *I* go?”

“ Don’t you recollect, my dear, that Mrs. Egerton said, she particularly wished you should go?”

“ Has she any particular reason, I wonder?” said Rosamond.

“ Is not her wish reason sufficient, my dear, without further question?”

“ Certainly,” said Rosamond; “ I am willing to do any thing she wishes; only ——”

“ Only—you are not willing; is that what you mean to say, my dear?”

“ No, no, mamma, I was only thinking, that I could go out first, and just finish my view of the cloisters, while the lights and shades are on them so beautifully.”

“ But if you go out now, Rosamond, you will not be ready when the carriage comes to the door; and you know, Mrs. Egerton requested, that we should set out early.”

Rosamond cast a lingering look out of the window, and still adhering to her portfolio, and walking very slowly towards the door, said, “ Must I then give up the whole morning?”

“ I have heard a proverb,” said her father, looking up from the paper he was reading, “ a Latin proverb, which says, that ‘ Who gives promptly gives twice.’ This applies to the gift of time, as well as to all other gifts. And I should add, ‘ Who complies readily complies in the only manner in which I would accept of their compliance, either in a matter of consequence or a trifle.’”

Rosamond stood abashed. All thoughts of the cloisters were promptly given up. She vanished, and re-appeared, in a few minutes, ready to set out, even before the carriage came to the door.

The round of necessary but tiresome visits was duly paid, according to the list which Rosamond's mother held in her hand; and when they came to the last on the list, and when the joyful words, "*Not at home*," had been heard, and the tickets, with corners duly *dog's-eared*, had been delivered, Rosamond exclaimed, "*Home*; is not it, Mrs. Egerton?"

"No; there is one other visit to be paid, and six miles off," said Mrs. Egerton.

Rosamond's face lengthened; but shortened again the next instant, when

Mrs. Egerton added, "to Dudley Manor."

"Dudley Manor!" exclaimed Rosamond. "Now I know why you wished me to accompany you, dear Mrs. Egerton. I may always trust to your intending some kindness, even when you ask me to do what I don't like. Now I shall see that Louisa Dudley, whom every body wished for so much at the ball. And now, my dear Mrs. Egerton, will you go on with what you were going to tell me of her the other day. You stopped short, if you recollect, just after you told me, that she is about Laura's age. Is she like Laura? Pray describe her."

"You will see her so soon, my dear," answered Mrs. Egerton, "that I may

spare the description of eyes, nose, mouth, and chin; especially as all these, when most minutely described, seldom give any idea of a countenance."

"But," said Rosamond, "is she like Laura in disposition—character—manners—temper?"

"As to temper, to answer one question at a time," said Mrs. Egerton, "I cannot tell, whether your sister's temper is as good as her's. True, my dear, notwithstanding your look of incredulity. I do not know, I assure you, because I never have seen Laura's temper put to such trials as I have seen Miss Dudley's; and I hope I never may."

"What sort of trials?" said Rosamond; "pray tell us some of them."

"Impossible to tell them to you,

they are such petty things; they must be seen and felt to be understood."

"But if they are such little things, surely they might be easily borne," said Rosamond.

"No; little torments continually reiterated are, it is found, the most difficult of all others to endure."

"Are the people she lives with fond of her," said Rosamond.

"Yes; very fond of her," said Mrs. Egerton.

"Then I do not pity her," said Rosamond. "I could bear any thing from people who are fond of me."

"Stay till you try, my dear Rosamond," said her mother.

"Stay till you see Mr. and Mrs. Dudley," said Mrs. Egerton.

"What sort of persons are they," said Rosamond.

“Excellent people, with good hearts, good heads, good name, good fortune.”

“Oh, I don’t pity her!” cried Rosamond.

“Good fortune, did I say? I should have said more than good—great fortune; they have, in short, every thing this world can afford to make them happy; steeped up to the lips in luxury.”

“They are what is called hypochondriacal, then, I suppose,” said Rosamond.

“Mental hypochondriacism, perhaps, it may be called,” said Mrs. Egerton; “they do not imagine themselves ill, but they imagine themselves unhappy. The fact is, they want nothing in this world but temper.”

“That is a sad want, indeed,” said Rosamond; “but still”

“ But still ;” repeated Mrs. Egerton, smiling, “ as you have never felt it, you cannot conceive the misery.”

“ Yes, I can conceive it,” said Rosamond ; “ but still, if they are fond of one another” —

“ They married for love,” said Mrs. Egerton ; “ and, for aught I know, they may be, as many people say, very fond of one another, in the main, to this day ; but their love has all the effects of hate, for they make one another as unhappy as the bitterest enemies chained together could do. Their lives are every day, and all day long, one scene of petty contradiction, opposition, dispute, taunt, and reply. They were originally high-bred persons ; but their tempers have so far got the better, or the worse, of them, that they quite forget domestic politeness ; and though

they are well-bred to all the world beside, are really ill-bred to one another."

"And does this appear before company, too?" said Rosamond. "But cannot Louisa Dudley, if they are so fond of her, do any thing to make affairs go on better?"

"She does every thing that is possible, but all in vain. She cannot please one, without displeasing the other; and their very fondness for her proves a new source of jealousy, and, if not of open altercation, of secret taunt. She gives up her amusements, her occupations, her will, her whole time, her liberty to them, and yet she can never succeed in making them satisfied with her, or happy themselves, for one day, one hour."

"What a misfortune to have such

a father and mother!" said Rosamond.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dudley are not her father and mother," replied Mrs. Egerton; "they are only distant relations to her."

"Then why," said Rosamond, "does she live with them, if she is not bound by duty?"

"She is bound to them, or she thinks herself bound to them, by gratitude," said Mrs. Egerton. "They conferred some important obligation, of what nature I do not know, upon Louisa Dudley, when she was a child, or upon her parents. As to the rest, she is quite independent; she will have a very considerable fortune; her guardians are people of fashion, who live in what are called the first circles, and with whom she might reside if she

pleased ; but Mr. and Mrs. Dudley are anxious to have her with them, and to them she devotes herself in the manner you will see. And after all Louisa does to prove her gratitude and affection, there is always some further petty proof required, ' a cruel something.' For instance, they are jealous of her regard for the good Mrs. Harte, by whom she was educated. It was this jealousy, and some affront about Mrs. Harte's visiting, or being visited, which put them out of temper, and which at last prevented poor Louisa from coming to our ball. I am now going to make a propitiatory visit, in hopes of prevailing upon Mrs. Dudley to come, or to let Louisa come to Egerton Abbey for a few days, while you are with us ; I know that this would be such a pleasure to her. And now that

I have told you this much, it is but fair to my friend Louisa to assure you, that not the slightest word of complaint ever came to me from her. On the contrary, she is continually and zealously intent upon veiling all defects, and turning every thing Mr. and Mrs. Dudley say and do to the best advantage. She treats them with such respect, and her attachment to them is so sincere and determined, that I am convinced not one of her most intimate friends, young or old, have ever ventured to speak to her, or before her, of any of Mr. or Mrs. Dudley's disagreements, or of her own suffering from their faults."

"That is right, that's excellent," said Rosamond.

When they drove up to the house at Dudley Manor, Rosamond exclaimed,

“ A beautiful place ! An admirable house ! Italian front ! conservatory ! trellice ! how happy people might be here.”

If the length, breadth, or height of a room could secure happiness, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley's felicity would have been perfect ; but all thoughts of their being happy were given up, when their discontented faces and care-worn figures appeared entering at opposite doors. Their manners to their guests, to the strangers particularly, were so polite, their conversation so pleasing, that for the first quarter of an hour Rosamond, deceived by the charm of good breeding, disbelieved, or forgot, all that she had heard of their discontented dispositions. It was plain, that some grief sat heavy at heart ; but that their unhappiness could arise from

faults of temper, the sweet smiles of the lady, and the softened voice of the gentleman, forbade her to think. When Miss Dudley was asked for, a cloud over the lady's brow, however, appeared, and a coldness and constraint towards Mrs. Egerton, but to every body else in the room, she was more particularly charming than before. Louisa came in fresh from a walk, with heightened colour, and with a countenance of cheerfulness and affection, which Rosamond thought must set all to rights. For some little time longer the conversation kept on smoothly skating over the ice of ceremony, which had not yet been broken. It is happy, in these cases, when strangers know nothing of the dangers beneath.

Presently the conversation turned

upon the dance at Egerton Abbey. Mrs. Dudley pitied Rosamond very much, as she said, for having been confined to a sofa all night.

Rosamond was going to answer, that she had been that evening happier than if she had been dancing; but afraid to mention Mrs. Harte, whose conversation had so much interested her, she gave but a bungling account of her happiness, and left it to her mother and Mrs. Egerton to finish her sentences. But even Mrs. Egerton could not give satisfaction in speaking of Mrs. Harte and the ball.

Much, indeed, was said by Mrs. Dudley in praise of Mrs. Harte, and much was said of Mrs. Dudley's concern, that Louisa had missed the opportunity of seeing a person to whom she was so warmly attached, but her

altered and constrained voice and manner betrayed her dissatisfaction. Even poor Louisa, who had given up the ball, and the company of her friend Mrs. Harte, did not seem to have succeeded in pleasing.

While all this was going on, Mr. Dudley uttered (*sotto voce*), as Rosamond, who sat near him, heard, many sighs and pshaws! But he was evidently in cordial good humour with Louisa. He observed to Rosamond, that his Louisa had the sweetest temper in the world; that the celebrated Serena was nothing to her; but he rejoiced, he significantly said, that he was not the old father in the gout, whose humours always crossed the heroine's pleasures. The compressed lips and cleared throat of Mrs. Dudley

were now signs, that all was going wrong with her.

Rosamond made an attempt to turn the conversation to a harmless course, by asking some question about the manner in which the windows were fastened.

“ They are French windows, with *Espagnolettes*,” said Mrs. Dudley.

Immediately stepping forward, with a delighted and delightful smile, she opened and shut the window, to show Rosamond how easily these long bolts fastened both sides of the window at once. Rosamond was delighted with them, and with herself, for having given this happy turn to the conversation; for now, and for the first time for many minutes, the lady looked really pleased; but turning her eyes upon Mr. Dudley, who stood silent, Rosamond saw that

he was quite discomfited, and in Louisa's face there was a look of repressed apprehension. There is no knowing, thought Rosamond, what may prove dangerous subjects with people who disagree.

The manner of shutting and opening these windows happened to have been a subject of daily altercation between Mr. and Mrs. Dudley. She had always patronized, he had always detested, them; and every stranger was subject to being asked their opinion, and could never escape giving offence one way or the other. Mr. Dudley began by observing, in a disdainful manner, that such things were vastly well in summer, and in a warm climate, but that he owned he did not like mere summer friends; he was "too English, he confessed, for *that*;" he liked well-

fitted, well-pullied English windows. Now Mrs. Dudley liked every thing that was French. Here opened a wide field of battle, each party bringing all the forces of their understanding, and knowledge of all sorts (and very considerable forces they were), in support, not of reason but of opposite prejudices, and in the spirit of contradiction. Mrs. Egerton endeavoured to commence, and Rosamond's mother supported, the praises of an excellent Edinburgh review, which had then just appeared, on the comparative merits of French and English inventions and industry. The new and curious facts mentioned delighted Louisa; and, for a time, the new interest excited by the question of who the author of that review might be, suspended the window debate. But the truce was of short

continuance, and hostilities recommenced with renewed vigour. New materials supplied fresh fuel to the flame. From industry, arts, and sciences, they soon proceeded to manners, morals, politics, French and English. The gentleman and lady to be sure dealt only in general assertions, but the particular applications were too obvious. The implications and inuendoes became shockingly clear and frequent, till the husband and wife no longer talked *to*, but *at* each other, and soon it came to "all the cruel language of the eye."

Rosamond, quite abashed, scarcely dared to look at any body. From time to time, however, she saw Louisa's varying colour, which betrayed how much she felt while this sort of conversation went on, and when frequent

appeals, in the course of it, were made to her testimony, her taste, or opinion. She however preserved her presence of mind, and, answering always only as much as truth, and as little as kindness required, her respect for both recalling each to respect for the other, her genuine affection conciliated both, and continually softened and covered all that was wrong ; so that, as Rosamond described it afterwards, the company felt themselves bound, under pain of hurting her feelings, not to see, hear, or understand, that any thing unbecoming or disagreeable had passed.

A collation, well deserving the epithet which the newspaper writers so often bestow, an *elegant* collation, now appeared, and gathering round the table, all clouds seemed to have cleared up, and passed off, in a wonderful way ;

and Rosamond could scarcely believe, that her host and hostess, now most politely doing the honours to their guests, in the most perfect unison, and in good humour, or semblance of good humour, were the persons between whom, but a few minutes before, she had heard such "bitter taunt and keen reply." "Well," thought Rosamond, "perhaps, as Mrs. Egerton said, for aught I know, these people love one another after all."

Disenchanted from the constraint which had seized upon her, Rosamond became quite at ease and happy, especially when Mrs. Egerton, seizing the propitious moment, apologised, successfully, to Mrs. Dudley, for some affront about a visit; and she and Mr. Dudley joined in polite expressions of regard for the Egerton family, regrets

that their intercourse was not more frequent, and ended with a most cordial and pressing entreaty, that they would fix a day for doing them the pleasure and honour of dining at Dudley Manor. As this was almost the only point on which the husband and wife had agreed, and as they evidently did coalesce in this wish, good Mrs. Egerton was tempted to comply the more readily, because her compliance would give Louisa satisfaction. All was now upon velvet; and even the ball and Mrs. Harte were mentioned, by Mrs. Dudley, with complacency.

Encouraged by Mrs. Dudley's smiles and readiness to enter into the subject, Mrs. Egerton now ventured to make her petition "that she might have the pleasure of Louisa's company for one day, during the time which Rosamond

and all her friends were to stay at Eger-ton Abbey."

Mr. Dudley instantly acceded. "By all means—by all means, since you are so good as to give us a day, especially; and I know it is the thing of all others that Louisa wishes."

Louisa did not deny it, but, colouring, looked timidly towards Mrs. Dudley.

"Pray Louisa—pray Miss Dudley, do whatever you wish; do not, I beg, let me be any restraint upon you," said Mrs. Dudley. "If your look means to look to me for consent, do me the justice to believe, that you are quite at liberty. What objection can I possibly make?"

Truly Louisa did not know; but though the words were added, "I am sure I make no objection," yet the

words, and the tone, and the eyes, did not accord. Even Rosamond, who had scarcely learned the language of Mrs. Dudley's countenance, could read this much: and Louisa knew, that she must give up her own wishes, or that all would be wrong again. She therefore declined Mrs. Egerton's invitation, without saying any thing that was untrue, and without appearing to make any sacrifice. In fact, she did, as she said, what, upon the whole, was most agreeable to her; for it was most agreeable to her to give up any gratification of her own, to satisfy friends to whom she felt herself obliged.

But after all they were not satisfied, for she heard Mr. Dudley, in his soliloquy voice, saying to himself, "In my opinion, Louisa had much better go. No use in these sacrifices; nonsensical

—nonsensical. For my part, I own I like courage and sincerity.”

Louisa's hand trembled as she was dividing a bunch of grapes with Rosamond, and she could not cut them asunder. She did not, however, quarrel even with the bluntness of the grape scissars, she blamed only her own awkwardness. The grapes were some of the finest that ever were seen ; but Rosamond eat them without knowing how they tasted ; and a melting peach, of the finest flavour, which Mr. Dudley put on her plate, might have been, what he scornfully called, “ a mere turnip,” for any thing she knew to the contrary. The carriage was ordered, and Rosamond rejoiced when it came to the door. A few minutes before their departure, as she was standing opposite to the chimney-

piece with Louisa, looking at a beautiful china cup, which she had pointed out to her, as Mrs. Dudley's painting, Mr. Dudley came between them and said, "Do you go to Egerton Abbey?"

"No, Sir," answered Louisa.

"Pshaw! How can you be so foolish? quite obstinate!"

Mrs. Dudley glided near Louisa, on the other side, and observing her colour, and hearing no answer to whatever Mr. Dudley had suggested, she said,

"Why will not you go, Louisa? If you wish to oblige me, pray go. Miss Rosamond wishes it so much, you see, and Mrs. Egerton. Pray go."

As she took the cup from Louisa's hand, and replaced it on the mantle-piece, she added, "Sacrifices are my detestation; the feelings of the mind

are what I look to." These were Mrs. Dudley's last words; and her last look a look of dissatisfaction.

Rosamond was the first to break the silence that prevailed, as they drove from the door. "Goodbye Dudley Manor!" said she. "I did not think it possible to be so unhappy in so beautiful a place. What a difficult, what a terrible thing it must be, mamma, to live with two such people! to live with any people who cannot agree! It is absolutely impossible, as you said, Mrs. Egerton, to please them both at the same time. But what an angelic temper Miss Dudley shows!"

Almost all the way home Rosamond passed in exhaling her indignation against Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, and in expressing her pity, admiration, and love for Louisa. Yet she would not

be Louisa for any thing upon earth. She would rather, she declared, be the poor girl in the cottage, serving the paralytic woman, and having her services received and paid by kind acceptance, good humour, and affection; above all, by seeing that she really made the happiness of the person for whom she exerted herself. But to be obliged to such a discontented person as Mrs. Dudley, and to live with people who disagree eternally, how few could stand it!

“Not but I think Laura could,” added Rosamond. “But I am sure I could not; I would much rather endure any great trials, the greatest that could be invented; there would be some motive, some glory, some self-complacency to support one; but these constant little torments!”—

“ But these constant little torments,” said Mrs. Egerton, “ are those to which we, in our station of life, are most likely to be exposed ; and I am very sure you would learn to bear them, my dear Rosamond, if it were necessary ; and though I hope you may never be in such a situation as Louisa Dudley, yet you may be pretty sure that, in the course of your life, you will be obliged to submit to many little sacrifices of your tastes and wishes ; and the temper which will make you support such trials is more to be desired than even the wealth and power of your favourite Polish Countess.”

THE
BRACELET OF MEMORY.

“COME down! come down to the breakfast room, my dear Rosamond, this instant,” cried Godfrey. **“Make haste; but make no noise as you come into the room.”**

“Why? what can be the matter, brother?” said Rosamond, following him down stairs as fast as she could.

“Nothing is the matter,” replied Godfrey. **“Did I say any thing was the matter? Don’t let your imagination run away with you, as usual: if**

you do you will be disappointed, and find your mountain produce nothing but a mouse. Take care you do not tumble down stairs; that is all you need be afraid of at present."

"But pray, Godfrey," said Rosamond, overtaking him just as he reached the breakfast room door, "do tell me, before I go in, why I should make no noise."

"Hush! hush! follow me on tiptoe, and you shall see—what you shall see!"

Rosamond followed him, as softly as she could. She heard the word "Hush!" repeated as she entered the room, and saw, that every body was standing round the breakfast table, looking at something attentively. Joining them, she found that they were looking at a little mouse, which stood

quite still, before some crumbs of bread on the table cloth, seeming to be so much terrified as to be incapable of stirring.

“Poor thing! how frightened it is!” whispered Rosamond. “Let me take it up in my hands.”

The traveller drew her back, as she was going to take it up. Godfrey bid her take care, lest it should bite her; and Laura begged her to stand still, and watch what the mouse would do. Presently it turned its little head from side to side, as mice, when in dangers great, are wont to do, its bright, round, and not unthinking eyes, seemed to watch for an opportunity to escape. Hearing no noise, it appeared to take courage, began to nibble at the crumbs of bread on the table cloth, then, setting up its tail, ran on a few steps to

the right, then to the left, then very quickly all round the table, regardless of the spectators, and even of the officious Godfrey, who moved every thing out of the way before it.

But just as it was running past Rosamond, Mrs. Egerton's cat, who had followed her into the room, and unperceived had jumped up on the chair behind her, darted forward, sprang upon the mouse, and caught it in her mouth. A general cry was heard, loudest from the traveller, who seized the cat by the back of the neck, and, forcing her to drop the mouse into his hand, swung her out of the room, and shut the door.

"Is the mouse hurt? Is it dead?" cried Rosamond, pressing forward to look at it.

"No, it is safe! it is safe!" said the

traveller; "but this is the second time a cat has nearly destroyed it. Look where its side was bitten before."

"But it looks as if it were dead," said Rosamond, going closer to look at it, as the traveller held it out, stretched on the palm of his hand.

"It is not alive, certainly," said Godfrey. "Touch it: take it in your own hand, Rosamond."

She touched it, and exclaimed, "It is not alive! It is cold! It is stiff! It is hard! It is not a real mouse!"

"Oh! have you found that out at last!" said Godfrey, laughing. "You have been finely taken in."

"No shame for her," said Laura, "since even the best judge of mice, the cat, was deceived."

Rosamond begged to see it move again. The traveller took a key out

of his pocket, wound up some machinery concealed withinside of the mouse, and, setting it upon its legs on the table, it again moved its apprehensive head from side to side, nibbled, and ran its course, to Rosamond's delight.

"It is the most perfect imitation of a living animal I ever saw," said she.

"Since you are so much pleased with my mouse," said the traveller, "you shall see the whole contents of my box of curiosities; provided that, if I unpack them, some one will undertake to pack them up again carefully."

Laura undertook to do this; and after breakfast, which was soon eaten, all gathered round the traveller's box. And first he pulled out abundance of wool and paper; and fold within fold of

silver paper was opened, till upon a bed of cotton wool appeared a large caterpillar, with gold and crimson rings. After some magical operation had been performed upon it, by its master, it was placed upon a large leaf, and it raised its head, and its tail, after the manner of caterpillars, and showed its many feet; then walked deliberately on, drawing ring within ring as it moved forward, the circulation of its blood through each transparent circle seeming to appear so plainly, that it was scarcely possible to doubt its life. Its master took it up, and stuck a pin under the middle of its body; it writhed and struggled, moving its head and tail up and down in such apparent agony, that it was painful to look at it; and it seemed cruel, as Rosamond said, to keep it in such torture. Re-

lieved from its impalement, the beautiful creature walked again uninjured ; and Rosamond acknowledged, that the mouse was far surpassed by the caterpillar.

“ You think nothing can exceed the caterpillar, and perhaps you are right,” said the traveller ; “ but look at this box,” added he, putting into her hand a gold snuff box, curiously wrought. “ The chasing is rich, and this enamelled picture in the lid is pretty.”

“ It is a view of Mont Blanc and the lake of Geneva, is not it ?” said Rosamond. “ The box is very pretty ; but”—

As she pronounced the word *but*, the lid flew open, and up sprang a bird, a tiny bird, not half the size of the smallest of the feathered tribe, in comparison with which, the humming-

bird and the bee-bird would seem gross and vulgar. Its body of the brightest blue, its wings canary colour, streaked and variegated. It might be of the jay species; but never jay in all its glory, never jay in all its borrowed feathers, ever shone with plumage so gay, so brilliant; each feather so perfect in itself; the whole in such shining order. Rosamond could have looked at it for an hour: but, in an instant, it moves.—it breathes—it spreads its wings bedropped with gold—it raises its head—it opens its beak—it stretches its neck—it warbles, and you see the liquid motion in the throat at every note it sings! and with a sound so clear, so strong, so sweet! but abrupt! its song is ended: sudden it sinks down: the prison lid of itself closes

over it !—to the regret of all the spectators, all the audience, and most to the regret of Rosamond.

“ Beautiful bird ! How far, far superior to the caterpillar ! ” cried Rosamond. “ There never was any thing equal to this since the time of the talking bird and the singing tree in the Arabian Nights, or since the days of Aboulcasem and his never to be forgotten peacock. But how far superior this delicate creature to that peacock ! How wonderful, that human ingenuity and perseverance can realise, and, more than realise, surpass the feats of genii and the imagination of fairy land ! ”

Rosamond thought this, but could not find words to express her admiration. Again and again she begged to see and hear the bird ; and repeatedly it rose, and sung unwearied, and sunk,

obedient, into its prison house : till at last, ashamed of troubling it or its master more, Rosamond refrained from asking for "one other song."

"You think, that nothing can surpass the singing bird?" said the traveller.

"Nothing! nothing!" replied Rosamond.

"We shall see," said the traveller, searching at the bottom of his box of wonders; and as he drew out a common pasteboard trinket box, she said to herself, "Whatever this may be, he should certainly have produced it before the bird. It is impossible we can like it half as well. I really have no curiosity to see it; but it would not be civil to tell him so."

The traveller, with a provoking look of security and deliberation, shook from

its cotton and papers a golden bracelet, which Rosamond received, as he put it into her hands, with a look in which disappointment sadly contended with civility—sadly and vainly! As the gold chains hung from her hand, she observed, that it was pretty; but that was all.

“I see,” said the traveller, “that you have not the taste which some young ladies have for mere pretty useless ornaments.”

“There was a time,” said her mother, “when Rosamond liked pretty useless things, but that is completely past.”

“I hope so,” said Rosamond.

“Perhaps you may think differently of this bracelet when you have worn it,” said the traveller. “Give me

leave to clasp it on your arm; you must wear it a few moments before you can judge."

He put it on, while Rosamond looked superior down, and smiled.

"Wait till the charm operates," said he, "and you will prefer the bracelet to the bird."

"What charm?" said Rosamond, looking at Godfrey; "the charm of vanity? I hope you have not so mean an opinion of me. I assure you, that I infinitely prefer the bird to all the bracelets" —

She stopped, and started. "It pricks me! I felt it prick. Indeed Godfrey it did prick me."

"Imagination!" said Godfrey.

"No imagination, brother. I wish you had felt it. Look here," said she,

unclasping the bracelet; "the red mark, do you see it on my wrist? Will you believe it now?"

"I see it really," said Godfrey. "Then if it was not imagination, it must be conscience; the prick of conscience."

"As if it ~~could~~ be conscience! But it almost drew blood. Let me try it once more; there again I felt it."

"It is the bracelet of conscience," cried Godfrey. "Look how she blushes."

"I blushed only from surprise, brother, as any body might. But of what use" —

"It is! It is the bracelet of conscience," repeated Godfrey, laughing.

"Only the bracelet of memory," said the traveller. "Tell me, is there any thing you wish to remember at a

particular hour, or minute, this day, and I will engage that the prick of this talismanic bracelet shall remind you of it, true to the second."

"Is it possible!" cried Rosamond. "Let us see. Yes, there is something I wish to remember to day. You know, Laura, at twelve o'clock—no, at half after twelve we are to go to see that poor blind woman."

The traveller took the bracelet into his own hands; what conjuration he performed was not seen or heard; but he clasped it again on Rosamond's arm, and bid her wait the result patiently.

Patiently, was too much to expect: with her wrist stiffened, and her eyes fixed alternately upon the bracelet and upon the minute hand of the traveller's watch, which he had placed before

her, she sat till the minute hand pointed to half past twelve; and at that moment Rosamond, starting up, exclaimed,

“ It is so! I felt it! It is like the ring of Prince Chery in ‘the Fairy Tales! It is like the ring of Amurath in the Adventurer! Oh how often, when I was a child, I have wished for such a ring! But is it possible? How can it be?”

The traveller touched a spring, and the lid of the medallion of the bracelet opening, discovered within the dial-plate of a very small watch.

“ It is an alarum,” said the traveller, “ which can be set to the hour and minute required; so that, at a certain moment, the point which you felt pricking you is pushed through this scarcely visible hole withinside of the

bracelet, where it touches the arm. The artist who made it told me, that it cost him infinite pains to bring the mechanism within to the requisite degree of precision. But at last, you see, it perfectly succeeds, and I hope the lady for whom it is intended will be pleased with this ingenious trinket."

"To be sure she must be pleased, and excessively pleased with it, or nothing in the world could ever please her," said Rosamond.

"Nothing in the world!" repeated Godfrey.

"Of this sort she meant," added Laura.

Rosamond asked the traveller, who it was that had invented all these beautiful and ingenious things, and where they were made. He answered, that they were all invented and executed at

Geneva, by a clockmaker and jeweller, who lived in a little dark shop up seven flight of stairs, in a house difficult to find, and to be found only after groping through an obscure, long, covered, noisome passage. Yet through this passage, and up these stairs, every traveller, male or female, of any distinction, or of any curiosity, who has ever passed through Geneva, has been drawn by the fame of M. Baulte!

Rosamond did not wonder at it. The traveller declared, that his knees had often ached in the service of his fair countrywomen, in going up and down, seven times a day, these seven flight of steep stone stairs. He said, that he had been, in his last visit to Geneva, overwhelmed with commissions, so that he had been obliged absolutely to refuse to bring over dozens of watches and

necklaces, and rings innumerable; he had not, however, been able to resist the solicitations of a dear friend's sister, who had begged him to take charge of this little box of wonders.

Rosamond was right glad that he had been so good-natured.

"And pray now, Sir," said the country gentleman, who had been all this time standing apart, engaged with the newspaper, "may I, without indiscretion, ask the price of these wonders?"

The traveller answered, that the caterpillar, as well as he recollected, was thirty or forty guineas; the bird, a hundred; and the bracelet, sixty guineas.

"Only sixty for the bracelet!" cried Rosamond.

"Only!" repeated the country gen-

tleman. "Only think of sixty guineas for a bracelet."

"It is a great deal, to be sure," said Rosamond; "but I was surprised, that it was so much less than the price of the bird."

"The bird a cool hundred; the caterpillar—say forty; the bracelet, a great bargain, sixty guineas; so there goes two hundred good guineas of English money, to foreign parts, for these gimcracks," said the country gentleman; "and how many hundreds more will go, think you, in the same way, out of England, before the end of the year?"

"Thousands, not hundreds," answered the traveller, "and before the end of the month. Don't sigh, man! All the better for trade."

“ Foreign trade, Sir,” said the country gentleman.

“ True,” said the traveller, “ but are not we liberal citizens of the world ?”

“ No, Sir, I am not what you call liberal,” replied the country gentleman; “ and I do not pique myself upon being a citizen of the world ; I look at home first.”

“ And last ?” said the traveller.

“ First and last, Sir, I look, as it is my duty to do, to my own concerns, to my own little snug cell in the great beehive ; and if every one would do the same, I have a notion the beehive would prosper. In short, without tropes or figures, which after all are mostly nonsense, I will confess to you, that I am heartily glad that none of

my girls, nor my wife, happened to be at the unpacking of your box ; if they had I should have been cursed with an importation of these wriggling caterpillars, and snuff-box singing birds, and pricking bracelets, and no rational man alive can guess how many more ingenious absurdities."

Rosamond thought the word *absurdities*, was too strong—too hard. But the indignant gentleman went on,

" It may be too severe, but I make it a principle to discourage the taste for baubles in my family, ingenious or not ingenious ; yet, after all, it is astonishing what sums of money my girls waste upon trinkets."

The country gentleman here inveighed against the general taste for luxuries, and told anecdotes of several of his neighbours, or acquaintance,

who had been ruined by the expensive habits of their wives and daughters. He mentioned in particular one lady, whom he had seen at a ball covered with diamonds, at a time when her husband was in a gaol for her debts. "Yes, young lady, I remember years before, thinking what it would come to, when I saw her buy one morning half a shop full of your mighty ingenious baubles!" added he, laying his hand on Rosamond's shoulder, who was at this moment contemplating the caterpillar walking on the back of an opened packet of letters, which the traveller was holding.

Rosamond, colouring, turned away to look for Godfrey, who was standing behind her.

"I know what you are thinking of, brother," whispered she; "you are

thinking of the purple jar. But there is a great deal of difference between admiring what is ingenious and beautiful, and having a taste for useless baubles, or having habits of extravagance, I hope!"

"I *hope*!" echoed Godfrey, with a provoking smile.

"You hope, but I am sure of it," said Rosamond. "Do you think I forget my father's refusing himself that fine picture the other day, and all he said about the difference between the taste for the pleasure of seeing pictures, for instance, and a taste for the mere possession of them? This may be applied to other things."

"It *may* be applied, no doubt," replied Godfrey.

"May! but do not you see, that it is applied by me in my own case?"

"What's your own case?" said

her ladyship is my affectionately obliged, &c. But stay, here is a post-script :

“ ‘ If you cannot get it off your hands, the best way will be to return it to M. Bantte, who will, I am sure, take it back to oblige me ; and, upon the whole, I must beg that you would send it back, because, as I have not it myself, I had much rather nobody should have it in England, because’—

“ The rest is illegible ; no, stay, here is a scribble under the seal.

“ ‘ Mr. Somebody, of Geneva, who is now in town, and who has just been with me for my lord’s pupils, sets off for Geneva on Tuesday, and will take charge of the bracelet, and of the whole business.’

“ *For her lord’s pupils !* What can that mean ? I did not know her lord had

any pupils. Mrs. Egerton—Dr. Egerton, can you guess what her ladyship means? No, nobody can guess, for she never knows herself above half her own meaning, and *that* half she changes while her humble servants are puzzling about the other. But, seriously, here I am with the bracelet of memory on my rash hands. I cannot think of sending it back again to Geneva, for it is bought—*quite* bought. But as there is not another in England—not another in the world—and,” added he, ironically smiling at Rosamond, “as it is only sixty guineas, I think I am safe enough. It will be off my hands before I have been twenty-four hours in town; it will be snatched out of my hands by rival beauties.”

Rosamond put on the bracelet, and looked fondly at it, saying to herself;

“ It is fortunate for me that I have not sixty guineas, or Godfrey might be right after all. It would be such a delightful thing to buy it to give to Laura, who I know likes it full as much as I do. She said it was the prettiest and most ingenious invention she ever saw, and the most useful certainly ;, but I have no money.”

With a sigh she resigned the bracelet into the hands of Laura, who, according to her promise, was carefully packing up the box of wonders. At the close of her soliloquy, Rosamond looked up to see what Godfrey was thinking of, but Godfrey had left the room. She heard his voice in the lawn, speaking in a tone of joy, and she ran to the window to see who or what was arrived.

She saw on the lawn, before the hall door, a beautiful little bright bay mare,

at which Godfrey and her father were looking, while a rider by turns walked, trotted, and cantered the mare, showing her gentleness, spirit, and fine paces. Soon Godfrey, sent by his father, came in to Rosamond, and seizing her arm, carried her out along with him so rapidly, that she could hardly keep up with him. "Fly! fly! my father wants to speak to you directly, and I know what he is going to say to you; but I am not to tell you. Indeed he did not tell me, but I know, and I give you joy, Rosamond."

Godfrey would have waited to see her joy, but his father sent him back, and desired that Rosamond should come alone.

"Very extraordinary!" thought Godfrey, "when I know the secret

very well—that this mare is intended for Rosamond.”

Rosamond had no idea that the horse was for her, till she saw a servant coming out of the stable yard, carrying a side-saddle.

“Is it possible, my dear father!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, it is possible, my dear,” replied her father, smiling; “it is possible, but it is not certain; indeed, I scarcely think it is probable.”

Rosamond, afraid that she had taken too much for granted, felt ashamed of having imagined, that the horse was for her. Yet, when the groom was ordered to draw the stirrup up to the hole in which it was usually put for Miss Rosamond, she was confirmed in her first thought.

“Go and put on your habit, my dear, and you shall try this horse.”

No sooner said than done. Never was habit more quickly put on. But before she was “in her saddle set,” she had fifty alternations of hope and fear.

“Pretty creature! pretty creature!” said she, patting its neck. “What a beautiful bright bay, and how delightfully she canters!”

“All that a woman ever thinks of about a horse is, whether it is a pretty colour, and whether it canters well,” said her father.

“But look how well it walks, papa; and it has such an easy trot, I could trot for ever upon it; and it has such a fine mouth, that, as Godfrey said of Helen’s pony, it could be ridden with a rein of worsted; and it is such a diff-

ficult thing, as Godfrey says, to find a lady's horse."

Lady's horse! Rosamond was a little ashamed when the words sounded on her ear, and she endeavoured to mend the matter. "I mean a good horse, whether it is for a lady or not."

Her father smiled and was silent. What could he be thinking of?

"Rosamond," said he, "this good horse was intended for a lady's horse, and you are the lady for whom it was intended."

"*Was!*"

"Was," repeated her father. "Whether it shall be yours or not depends upon your own choice."

"My choice! Oh, if it depends on my choice, thank you, thank you, papa; I choose it certainly."

“ Stay my dear; choice implies the power of judging between two things, and you must hear to the end of my sentence before you can decide: you must know what the two things are between which you are to decide. The price of this horse is sixty guineas; here is the money; you may lay it out as you please, either in purchasing this horse, or in buying the bracelet you saw this morning. Now take your choice, my dear, and judge for yourself.”

Rosamond was quite silenced by surprise, joy, gratitude; and by the sense of the importance of the decision she had to make. “ It is no child’s play,” thought she. “ Sixty guineas! how very kind of my father to think of buying a horse for me, and such a horse!”

While she was on this horse, and riding with her father, she felt little doubt of what her choice would be. "The horse! the horse! certainly the horse!" It would be such a pleasure to ride with her father and with Godfrey; and she should also be able to lend it to Laura, who would like it exceedingly. In short, she was determined—quite determined in favour of the horse; but when her ride was finished, when she went into the library and saw the box of wonders, packed but not yet looked, she wished to look at the bracelet once more—she stood pondering.

Godfrey, coming close to her, took hold of the whip which she held in her hand. "Well! Rosamond, how do you like your new horse?"

"Very much, brother; but"—

“ But what? I suppose it put up its ears, and that you were afraid, and now ashamed to tell us so; hey?”

“ No such thing.”

“ What then? What can make you look so careful; so wondrous careful?”

“ I have reason to look careful,” said Rosamond, turning to Laura, “ for I have a great judgment to make.”

Then she told them what had passed, and asked their advice, adding, that she was *almost* determined to choose the horse, but that she should like to look once more at the bracelet, as the box was not locked, if it would not be too much trouble to Laura to unpack it again.

“ Not the least trouble,” said Laura, yet she made no advance towards the box. “ No trouble to me to unpack it; but I do not perceive what

advantage it can be to you to see the bracelet again; you know as much now as you can know about it. How can seeing it again assist your judgment?"

"Fair play! fair play! Laura," cried Godfrey. "If people do not see, how can they judge?"

And so saying, with the traveller's leave, he unpacked the box, reproduced the bracelet, spread it before Rosamond's eyes, and finished by again clasping it on her wrist.

"Now, come away and leave her to judge for herself," said Laura, drawing Godfrey away.

"No, no," said Godfrey, resisting; "what a pretty sort of judgment a person must have who cannot decide when others are standing by; very useful it would be to them in the course

of their life. But," whispered he, "I think that it is not quite fair that my mother should stand there, as she does, looking so anxious; that must disturb Rosamond's reflections; and if she decides only to please my mother, or because she is afraid to give my mother pain, there will be no trial or no proof of prudence."

His mother went to the other end of the room, and waited for Rosamond's decision, without influencing her by word or look.

"Remember, Rosamond," said Godfrey, "that there are many horses in the world, many such horses as that;" pointing to the horse, which the groom was leading past the window; "many hundred, thousand perhaps, such horses as that, and only one such

bracelet as this. Only one in the world!—The bracelet of memory.—‘*Le bracelet de souvenir*,’ if you like it better in French. And how you will show it in London to Miss This! and Lady T’other! and how Miss This and Lady T’other will admire it; and how they will wish that heaven had blessed them with such a bracelet; and how they will envy you! and how often they will ask, if it is not possible that they could get such a one! And you will answer, that ‘if they were to give the world for it they could not get such another, for it was made on purpose for you.’”

These last words, which Godfrey pronounced in a marked tone of irony, recalled the recollection of one of the adventures of Rosamond’s childhood.

She smiled and said, "Brother, I am not such a child, such a fool as you think me."

"But seriously, Rosamond," said he, "consider, as you said this morning, what a very ingenious thing this bracelet is, like Prince Chery's ring, and Amurath's ring. And it is not a bauble, but a talisman—a fairy talisman; and I could make verses upon it, lines addressed to a lady—

Fairy treasure! Fairest fair,"—

Godfrey was silent, for a few moments, as he walked up and down the room, searching, perhaps, for a rhyme to *fair*, but returning to Rosamond, he went on.

"It is such a very *useful* bracelet, Rosamond. With the bracelet of memory you can never fail to do all your

duties in this world, and you will always remember every thing you have to do punctually to an instant; a single prick will do the business."

"By the bye," said Laura, "did you go to the blind woman this morning, Rosamond?"

"I did not, indeed," said Rosamond, colouring; "though the bracelet pricked me exactly at the right moment."

"But this was only the first time—the first prick," said Godfrey. "Very likely you will mind it better the next time."

"That is not likely," said Rosamond; "it is more likely that I should grow quite used to it, and indifferent to the prick. And after all, a watch tells me just as well the right time, for every thing I have to do. I flattered the

bracelet, or flattered myself, when I said it was so very useful. The horse no doubt is far the most useful. But there is one really good argument in favour of the bracelet," said she, "that it will last longer than the horse; the horse may die, may be lamed, may go blind, and there will be an end of it."

"And you forget that you may break or lose the bracelet," said Laura.

"True," said Rosamond. "There is not one really good argument in favour of the bracelet. I have considered them all. Pack it up again, Laura: I have done with it. Thank you, my dear father, I decide for the horse."

Her decision was approved by all present, by Godfrey especially.

"I really did not think you were so sensible, Rosamond," said he. "Confess

that my ironical arguments helped you a little. As fast as I put weights into the wrong scale of your mind, you were forced to find others to balance them in the right scale. Confess that, though I plagued you, I was of some little use to you at *last*."

"Of some little use," said Rosamond, smiling. "You see, my dear mother, at last, that with Godfrey's and Laura's assistance I am not quite a fool."

BLIND KATE.

WHILE Rosamond was thus congratulating her mother and herself upon her not being quite a fool, Laura was re-packing the box of wonders,

In the haste in which Godfrey had unpacked it, some brown paper at the bottom of the bird box had been rumpled; she took it up to smooth it, and found underneath it a small pamphlet, which having been also much disturbed, she took that out to set it to rights. As soon as the traveller saw it, he exclaimed,

“The very pamphlet I have been looking for among all my packages, and could never find! I knew I had put it up remarkably carefully, but I could not recollect where, and now I remember I put it into this box, that I might get at it readily. It is the pamphlet you desired me to bring to you, Dr. Egerton—by Maunoir, the celebrated Genevese oculist — ‘*Memoires sur l’organisation de l’iris et l’operation de la pupille artificielle.*’ And now,” continued the traveller, “I recollect what Lady Scribble, as I may well call her, meant by her lord’s pupils; and the name we could not decypher must be Maunoir.”

The traveller and Dr. Egerton began to look over the pamphlet together, and Rosamond approaching them listened anxiously. - She heard the traveller give

an account of a French emigrant officer, who had been banished by mistake to Siberia, where in consequence of the glare of the snows he lost his sight, continued fifteen years blind, and after he recovered his liberty went from oculist to oculist in vain, till at last Scarpa, the famous Italian surgeon, sent him to Geneva, telling him, that if any body in the world could serve him it must be Maunoir, of Geneva. To Maunoir he went. After undergoing the double operation of being couched for the cataract, and of having new pupils made in his eyes, he completely recovered his sight, and in the course of two years sent to his benefactor, views he had drawn for him of the countries through which he had passed. The traveller then gave a de-

tailed account of the operation of forming the new pupils. Surprised at the profound attention with which Rosamond listened to the account of a surgical operation, the traveller inquired why it interested her so much,

“ Because,” answered Rosamond, “ I am in hopes of hearing something that may be useful to a poor woman in this neighbourhood — Blind Kate. You may remember seeing her one evening, when we were returning from a walk, sitting on the stone before her door, and a number of children round her, listening to a story she was telling them. I recollect your stopping to listen too, and your saying, ‘ How beautiful that woman would be if she had eyes! What a pity that she is blind!’ ”

“ I recollect her perfectly well,” said the traveller. “ She had a very interesting countenance.”

“ Yes, she interests every body who sees her,” continued Rosamond ; “ and much more those who know her, and who know what a sweet-tempered, cheerful, kind-hearted creature she is. All the little children of the neighbourhood are so fond of her, and all the old people. If any of them are in sorrow they always go to tell it to her, and she pities them ; and if any good fortune befalls any one in the neighbourhood, they go directly to tell it to Blind Kate. This was the way we first got acquainted with her.”

“ Which was the way,” interrupted Godfrey.

“ Oh, never mind ; you know what I mean,” said Rosamond. “ You re-

member, Laura, when the paralytic woman was settled in her new comfortable house, that good Mary went for Blind Kate and brought her in, that she might *feel* how comfortable it was. Such pleasure appeared in her poor blind countenance!—she seemed quite to forget her own misfortunes. I remember her saying repeatedly, ‘I am very glad to see you so comfortable; it is the happiest day I have seen this many a year.’ Her only painful thought, she says, is, that she can do nothing for any body. Oh, how I wish I could do something for her!” concluded Rosamond, “particularly as I forgot to go to see her this morning. I should be so glad to carry her now some good news! but she has been coughed, and it has done her no good.”

To Rosamond’s great satisfaction,

the traveller proposed going immediately to see Blind Kate, that he might examine her eyes carefully, and determine whether there was any probability that this operation would be of use to her.

They found her in her cottage, surrounded by children, whom she was teaching to plait straw, which she did with great address.

"It is my good young lady," said Kate. "I knew she would come, though they told me it was too late." But, hearing unusual footsteps, she rose, and stopped speaking.

"I have brought my father, Kate, and a good gentleman, who is come to see you, in hopes of being of the greatest use to you!"

"To me! Thanks—many thanks to him; but see, I want nothing."

“ Nothing, Kate ! ” said Rosamond.

“ How neatly you plait this straw,” said Laura; “ almost as well as any of the children here.”

“ Better, a deal,” said one of the elder children. “ ’Twas she taught all of us, Sir; see the difference, and it’s wonderful all she does.”

The children went to fetch different things she had made, and told of all she did in the house, more, they said, than many that had their eyesight.

“ But if she had her eyesight again she could do a great deal more, and she would be a great deal happier; would not you, Kate?” said Rosamond.

“ Ah, if I could but do more I should be happier, surely,” said Kate; “ that’s all that grieves me sometimes.”

The traveller inquired whether she had been blind from her birth. She answered, No; that she had had as good eyes as any in the parish, in the world she believed, till about nine years ago, when she was a girl—a giddy girl of fifteen: she lost them by her own fault.

“Could you tell us how, if it is not too painful?” said Rosamond.

“That I will; I am always ready to tell about it, for a warning to the thoughtless,” she said, stroking the head of one of the girls, who was working near her. “It was one snowy winter. I had been washing, and was hot, all in a bath, and went out to look for a sheep I had forgot to bring in, and that I heard bleating, as I thought, just in the next field; but not finding

it there, I went on and on, the wind all the time very sharp and high blowing in my face. I was out the greatest part of the night before I found the sheep; but next morning my eyes were all as red as blood, and that inflammation never ceased, do what I would, or what the doctors would: leeches, bleeding, blistering, couching; every thing I tried that they bid me, but all in vain; the inflammation never ceased for eighteen months, or more, and then left me, thank God! free from pain, but stone blind, as you see."

From this account the traveller augured well, as Rosamond guessed by his countenance; but she impatiently begged him to speak, and tell what he thought. He asked the poor woman to let him examine her eyes.

Kate allowed Rosamond to lead her to the window, and let the gentleman look at her eyes. She held up the eyelids herself, and assured him he did not hurt her; nothing could hurt her eyes now, she said, thank God!

“But something may do them good, perhaps, Kate,” cried Rosamond; “why should not you hope?”

“Ah! kind heart! but don’t bid me hope again; better for me not.”

“Don’t say so—don’t think so, Kate, that is very wrong.”

“Is it so?” said she, with earnest simplicity. “No, not the way I take it, it can hardly be wrong. See, Miss, I am settled to my affliction now. I know it is the will of God—God’s will be done. It is a great affliction, but I have great supports under it. Many a one is blind in this world, that has not

half the comforts I have in friends to take care of them."

"What do you think, Sir," said Rosamond, following the traveller to the porch of the house, where he and her father had gone; "are there not good hopes? or," cried she, suddenly changing her tone, "is there no hope? Oh, father! what do you say?"

"I say, do not speak so loud, my dear, this poor woman is not deaf though she is blind."

"That is true," said Rosamond. "Well, now I speak so low she cannot possibly hear a syllable. What do you think, Sir, is there any hope?"

"Yes, there are good hopes."

"Good hopes!" Scarcely were the words past his lips when Rosamond made a sudden spring, and would have returned to Kate, but her father de-

tained her. "You have not heard enough yet, Rosamond; there are difficulties."

"What difficulties, Sir?"

"There is but one person who can perform the operation, from which only her cure can be expected."

"I know—I understand that perfectly, Sir," said Rosamond. "The gentleman in the pamphlet; the gentleman mentioned in Lady—in Lady Scribble's letter. But you know, Sir, that letter said that he is now in London, and that he is to stay there some days longer; then if Kate goes immediately she may be in time."

"Perhaps so; possibly," said her father. "But still there are other difficulties. You do not seem to consider, that to perform this journey, and

to pay an eminent surgeon, and to pay for attendance and lodgings in London, during the time she must remain there, before she could safely travel again after the operation" —

"And perhaps sea bathing afterwards may be necessary," said the traveller; "it was ordered I know in one instance."

"What a number of things to be thought of that I never thought of," said Rosamond, sighing. "But all this can be done, cannot it? What should prevent it?"

"That which prevents many things from being done in this poor world," said the traveller, "the want of money."

"Is that all?" said Rosamond. "Would it cost a great deal?"

“ A great deal more than this poor woman, and all her family, and all her friends could afford.”

“ But how much ? how much ? ” said Rosamond.

“ Fifty or sixty guineas, perhaps,” said the traveller.

“ Just my horse ! ” cried Rosamond. “ You have not paid for it yet, my dear father. Will you give me leave to give it up ? and may I use the money for Kate ? ”

“ You may, my dear daughter ; you may, if you will do it prudently. Take time.”

“ Oh, yes ; I will be very prudent,” said Rosamond. “ But you know we have no time to lose.”

“ Joy ! joy ! ” cried she, going back to Kate, who started up at the sound.

“ Joy ! joy ! for now it is all settled ! all certain ! and I will tell you how it is to be. You are to go to London directly.”

“ Shall I ? ” said Kate, with a bewildered air, turning her head to the side from which Rosamond’s voice came.

“ Yes, you shall, good Kate ; listen to me, and I will explain it all.”

“ I am listening, my dear, as well as I can.”

“ Well, quietly sit down, here’s your chair ; but why do you tremble so, Kate ? ” said Rosamond.

“ I don’t know.”

“ You need not tremble, Kate, for I have nothing to tell you but good.”

“ Oh, I am sure of that ; that is, I am sure you mean me nothing but

good," said Kate. "It's foolish of me to tremble, but I am this way sometimes, when taken suddenly."

"Well," continued Rosamond, speaking as slowly as she could, "you are to go to London, and you shall be very well taken care of on the road, and when you get to London we will take care of what is to be done; trust to me, will not you, Kate?"

"Trust to you—oh sure, yes. I have no mistrust in any, much less you, dear Miss; but" —

"*But*—no *but*, Kate, till you have heard the whole that is intended. We will not force you to do any thing, even for your good, against your will. Only hear me first, then do as you please."

"Thanks! thanks!" said Kate,

stretching out her neck in eager attention.

“The operation,” resumed Rosamond—“Don’t be frightened at the word operation.”

“Eh, no. I am used enough to more than hear of it; that’s not frightening me.”

“That’s right, good Kate; now you begin, I see, to understand me. I will tell you how it will be,” pursued Rosamond, going on now with great rapidity. “This day week, on this very spot, you will stand there, and you will see all in this room, as well as I see you now: all the faces of these children. You will never sigh again, Kate, nor say you can do nothing for nobody.”

Kate started up, but “Eh dear!”

cried she, gasping. The swelled veins in her forehead disappeared: she grew pale suddenly, and must have fallen if Laura had not supported her.

Rosamond, excessively frightened, opened the window as soon as she could stir, and water was brought, and air and water in time restored the poor woman to herself.

“Rosamond,” said her father, taking her aside, “you see how imprudent you were. Let this teach you to be more cautious, and go more reasonably to work in future. My dear, it is not only necessary to wish to do good, but to know how to do it, else you injure those you would serve. That is all I will say, your own good sense will suggest the rest. Wipe away those tears, they will do no good. Compose and

command yourself. You have begun this, and must go through with it."

Laura came to tell Rosamond, that the poor woman had repeatedly asked for her.

"Go to her, my dear," said her father; "we will leave you, and on our return from our walk we will call for you, and by that time you will, I hope, have considered well, and determined what is to be done, and how it is to be accomplished. You must arrange the whole, and if I approve of your arrangements I will give you any assistance in my power."

"And if you do not approve you will tell me how to do better," said Rosamond. "But I wish, papa, you would not go away, but advise me beforehand, and then I should not do things wrong."

“If I always advised you beforehand, you would never learn to do things rightly,” said her father.

“But cannot you stay now, my dear father, because this is a matter of real consequence, and I am afraid of doing mischief—more mischief,” said Rosamond.

“It is a matter of real consequence,” said her father. “But now that you are afraid of doing mischief, and are aware of the danger, you will take care to avoid it. I leave you, my dear, trusting that you will exert your good sense, where the happiness of a human creature depends so much upon your prudence.”

So saying he went, taking Laura and the traveller away with him.

Kate being now quite recovered, and a neighbour having come in to stay

with and take care of her, Rosamond, left alone, sat down in the porch, to consider what she ought to do. She looked into the cottage, and saw Kate lying on her bed, and heard her say to one of the children, that now they were alone she would try to sleep, for that she felt strangely tired, though she had had nothing this day to tire her.

Rosamond made a sign to the children, to prevent them from saying that she was there, thinking, that the best thing that could be done at this instant, was to let her sleep and compose her mind, which had been so much agitated.

While she slept, Rosamond sent one of the children to the Abbey with a note to Mrs. Egerton. The note requested, that Mrs. Egerton, who knew so well the characters of the people in

this neighbourhood, would tell her who would be a proper person to travel with and take care of Blind Kate, if she were to be sent to London to have this operation performed. The person Mrs. Egerton named in her answer was a Mrs. Hand, the neighbour who was at this time with Kate, who it seems had for years lived near her, had been constantly kind to her, and interested in her concerns. While she was still sleeping, Rosamond, sitting beside her bed, could talk in a low voice to Mrs. Hand, and she made various inquiries and arrangements that were necessary for Kate's journey to London.

In the first place, Rosamond asked, whether Mrs. Hand would go with her?

"Willingly," replied she, "only I have a family of my own to look after, and my children's and husband's meals

must be cooked, and I could not stay away a fortnight from them."

This Rosamond easily settled, by offering to pay a person whom Mrs. Hand would engage to find. All the expenses of the journey were next to be calculated and provided for; this also was accomplished, though not dispatched with such haste as Rosamond could have wished, for Mrs. Hand was mighty slow and exact, and would not take a penny more than was strictly necessary, though Rosamond continually said it did not signify.

Next—tiresome woman! she asked how they were to go?

"How! was any thing easier than to go to London?" exclaimed Rosamond.

"Nothing easier," said Mrs. Hand; "but still, I must know how. We

may walk, or ride, or go in the waggon, or in some sort of carriage."

" Ride or walk, impossible!" cried Rosamond. " Waggon! that's quite out of the question, it is so slow: she must go in the coach."

" The coach! What coach? there are so many stages and mails," said Mrs. Hand.

And all the names of these, and all the places from whence they set out, and at which they put up, and their hours of setting out and coming in, Mrs. Hand, whose brother was an inn-keeper, knew right well; nor did she spare Rosamond any one of these.

Much perplexed, Rosamond, however, setting her understanding to the business, at last put out of the question all the coaches that did not go at the right hours, that would set out before

Kate could be ready, and came at length to a just decision, in favour of a stage that was to set out at six next morning, and in which two inside places could be secured.

“ So far so good,” quoth Mrs. Hand; “ but the next thing to be considered, Miss Rosamond, is about where we are to go when we are set down.”

“ Set down !”

“ Aye, set down in Lon'on town.”

“ Why, is there any thing easier than to find some lodging in London when you have money ?”

“ Nothing easier than to get lodgings in Lon'on for money, sure enough,” Mrs. Hand said; “ but where ? It would be as well to settle that before they got to Lon'on, because Lon'on is a great town,” as Mrs. Hand observed ; “ and it is awkward to be looking about late,

and not to know where to put one's head ; just set down at the spot where the coach puts up, in a strange place, among strangers, and with a poor helpless blind body to be led in the streets."

Rosamond, when thus pressed, recollected the very thing that would do. Laura's nurse had married a green-grocer in London, and they had lodgings to let ; and nurse was an excellent creature, and would be the very person to take care of Kate, and make them comfortable at her house.

Mrs. Hand was quite satisfied, as well she might be. " But where does she live ? " asked she.

Rosamond knew it was at a green-grocer's.

" But, lackaday, there are so many green-grocers in Lon'on," cried Mrs.

Hand. "What street? what is the number of the house?"

The name of the street had gone clear out of Rosamond's head, and the number along with it. "Yet," as she said, "she ought to know both perfectly well, because they so often sent parcels there."

This, however, did not mend the matter, or help Mrs. Hand to guess where it might be.

But Rosamond said she was sure Laura could tell them the street and the number both, because fortunately she never forgot directions; she had a direction-book.

Rosamond must next settle about Kate's clothes. Her niece, Martha, who lived with her, was in this matter of great use to Rosamond, for she knew what Kate's clothes were, and

where they were; and she undertook to have the two caps and the three handkerchiefs washed and ironed, and to have all that was to go put up nicely in a little bundle; and Rosamond desired she would set about it directly.

In setting about it directly, she was obliged to open a press door, close to Kate's bed. Now this door, if opened boldly, made no noise; but if opened by a timid hand it creaked the more, the more you wished it not to creak. And Martha, much afraid of wakening Kate, began without the boldness so essential to success, and creak, creak, creak, screech, went the door, and Kate (no wonder) wakened, and starting up, said she was sorry to be awakened from the pleasantest dream she had ever had in her days. "She was dreaming, that she was in a green

field, where she used to drive home the cows in a summer's evening in her youth, and she smelt and saw the cowslips, saw as well as ever she did in her life; but someway it was all in London."

The word London recalled what had passed before she had gone to sleep, and before she had fainted; and, as if not yet clearly awake, asked who had been there, and if there had not been some talking of her really going to London, or if it was all only a dream?

Rosamond then spoke, and assured her of the truth of all she remembered. There was no difficulty in disposing her to undertake the journey now; on the contrary, it was plain that she wished it eagerly; and though she every now and then repeated, as if to quiet herself, the same words she

had said before. "Better for me to stay as I am. I am settled to it now. Best for me not to hope again." Yet the expression of her countenance was so different between the times of these desponding sentences, and even in the moment of pronouncing them, from what it had been before, that it was obvious her mind had changed, and that she would have been exceedingly sorry to be forced to give up this new feeling of hope.

Rosamond now spoke with such good sense and moderation, that she brought Kate's mind nearly to a proper state, between too much and too little confidence, with resolution sufficient to undertake the journey and undergo the operation, yet without that ardent anticipation of joy, which, if disappointed,

might be dangerous to her health and happiness.

Kate ended at last with "It is worth while, surely, to go and make the trial, since this good young lady can get it done for me. Bless her for it! How thankful I should be, and happy, think Martha, to see you and all friends again. But if it is not God's will that I should enjoy my eyesight again, his will be done. I am resigned, and shall settle to my affliction again, with gratitude to you, dear Miss."

Satisfied to have brought her to this reasonable state, Rosamond judiciously determined to say no more, and not to repeat what she had already said sufficiently. This resolution it might have been as difficult to Rosamond to keep, as it appears to be to the generality of

orators and moralists ; but fortunately she was not put to any desperately long trial. Before she had quite exhausted her resources in silence, before she had arranged the old bows of Kate's black bonnet, so as to make them look quite new for the journey, her father returned, and relieved her from the danger of doing or saying too much.

Her father approved of her arrangements. There was no assistance wanted on his part, except to change her sixty pounds bank note into cash, and into smaller notes, for the convenience of the journey ; and this he went home to do immediately ; Mrs. Hand followed them to receive the money. The traveller wrote a letter of introduction to the oculist, and Rosamond, who now thought of every thing, wrote down the direction carefully. She fur-

nished Mrs. Hand also with a letter to Laura's nurse, and made her read the direction to make sure of it—"To Mrs. Bristow, Number 43, Boot-lane; nine doors from the corner, on the right hand side of the street," she would add, though, as this must depend, as Laura observed, on the way you came into the street, it rather puzzled than explained the matter; but now Rosamond had began to be so exact, she thought she could never give directions enough.

Her father advised her to employ her time in what was more necessary than giving a superfluity of directions, in taking a list of the numbers of the bank notes; with Laura's assistance she accomplished this with accuracy.

In the morning Rosamond was up at six o'clock, and with Godfrey was at

Kate's cottage, ready to bid her good-bye, and see her safely off. But, alas ! when all were prepared, bundles and all, when the coach came to the corner of the road where they were waiting to be taken up, the coachman, instead of stopping as they expected, drove past, saying, " No places ; full, full."

And when Godfrey roared to him to stop, he only pulled up for an instant, and repeated, " No places."

" But two places were taken last night."

" Yes, Sir, by the gentlemen in the coach."

A fat man and a lean man alternately put their heads out of the carriage window, to confirm what the coachman said ; and without waiting for further explanation they drove on.

" But did not you send to take the places, Rosamond ?" said Godfrey.

“ No.”

Rosamond had taken it for granted that Godfrey, or that her father had engaged them. But Godfrey said he had never thought of it, because Rosamond had never asked him to do it; “ And as to my father,” added Godfrey, “ you know he said you were to manage all the business yourself.”

“ What shall we do?” cried Rosamond.

There was nothing to be done, Mrs. Hand said, but to wait till next day, and to be sure to take the places this day.

“ But poor Kate! poor Kate!” said Rosamond. “ Oh! perhaps she may lose every thing by this mistake of mine. Oh, Godfrey, what shall I do? Perhaps the man, M. Maunoir, may have left London. Who knows what delay of this day may do!”

“ Don’t fret, don’t fret so, dear Miss Rosamond,” said Kate, endeavouring to get over her own disappointment. “ I dare to say we shall not be too late to-morrow, and if we are, why I am no worse than I have been this many a day, and many a year. Don’t let it grieve you, my dear. We will go home, if you will give me your arm, good Mrs. Hand, and you can see your husband, who is to be back to-day, before you go, which will be a comfort to you; and for me there is always Martha and the children, and it is only one day. What difference can it make, dear Miss Rosamond: do not keep blaming yourself so, after giving your new horse and all for me !”

“ Dear, then it is a pity these places were forgot, after all,” said Mrs. Hand; “ how happened it, I wonder.”

“ I know how it happened very well,” said Rosamond, turning to Godfrey. “ I know it was all my forgetfulness and folly. How could I be so silly !”

Godfrey replied, that he could not pretend to answer that question. But though he spoke in a tone of irony, he was so much touched with Rosamond's distress, candour, and penitence, that he swallowed two sarcastical puns which had been ready on his lips. He forbore to tell her, that between her and Mrs. Hand they had made but a bad *hand* of it. He forbore to tell her, that she was sending Kate to Boot-lane on a *bootless* errand.

“ Pensive and silent, Rosamond retraced her steps homeward. As she and Godfrey crossed the lawn, out came cantering the pretty bay horse,

which the groom was leading back to its owner, as he had been ordered to do this morning.

“My poor Rosamond, I do pity you now,” said Godfrey.

Rosamond stopped to take a last look at the horse, and said, “I am afraid it will be all in vain.”

“Then had not we better stop the man, and keep the horse? for if you cannot do any thing for the poor woman, do not give up your horse. If you repent, now is your time to speak. Every woman may change her mind three times at the least, especially when she repents.”

“No generous person ever repents, or changes her mind, about what she has given,” said Rosamond, indignantly. “No; what I repent of is

only my folly," continued Rosamond; "and what I was thinking of—what I am thinking of, is —— Will you call to the man and stop him?"

Godfrey roared, and the groom stopped.

Rosamond suggested, that as this man was to pass through the neighbouring town, he might inquire at the inn, whether a post-chaise and post-horses could be had, as, if these could be obtained, the day would not be lost, and he should take places for to-morrow in the stage, if no chaise could be had to-day.

"Well thought of, Rosamond!"

Godfrey said he would not trust the matter to any one, he would go himself, and he would bring her back a chaise, if one could be had for love or

money. The groom dismounted, Godfrey sprang into his seat, leaving him to convey home the unpurchased horse as he might.

Rosamond, as he galloped off, said to herself, "Though he does plague me sometimes, he is the kindest of brothers when it comes to good earnest."

An hour afterwards, Godfrey returned in a chaise, driving very fast.

"But what strange man is that along with him in the chaise?"

He was a messenger going up to London express with a prodigiously fine turtle, which was to arrive in time for a great entertainment at White's. He had taken the only chaise that was to be had, every other being out at some races; and Godfrey, by the joint force of his own eloquence and Rosa-

mond's money, which he knew her well enough not to spare, succeeded in prevailing on this man to let Kate and Mrs. Hand occupy the two vacant places in his chaise. But he could not and would not wait a minute. Nor was he kept waiting one minute. Rosamond had prudently desired Kate and her guide to follow her to Egerton Abbey. Godfrey jumped out, put them into the carriage, and stowed their bundles after them, and off they drove.

“ Really gone ! ” cried Rosamond. “ Thank you, my dear Godfrey, thank you ! I promise you, that you shall be the very first person that shall see the letter which Mrs. Hand has engaged to write to me, the very night she gets to London, or the day afterwards.”

“The day afterwards, I hope,” said Godfrey; “for this operation can hardly, I should think, be performed upon Blind Kate the moment she steps out of the chaise, the night she gets to town, and by candle light too! Besides, do pray allow that poor chip, Mrs. Hand, a night’s sleep before she pens this letter. I am sure penning a letter will be a laborious work to her.”

It was a laborious work to her, no doubt; but as Rosamond had laid great stress upon her writing as soon as possible, if it were only one line, Mrs. Hand, faithful to her promise, wrote the night of her arrival, and her letter was as follows:—

“Honoured Miss;

“Being as you desired, I write to tell you, that I have nothing to say yet;

at best, not being to see the gentleman with the letter till morning. The people of this house very civil, but knows nothing of him. Whether gone out of town or not can't say till morning. If so be that he is not gone, shall see him first thing in the morning, till when, with Kate's duty to all (who is asleep, thank God, and purely) am,

“Honoured Miss,

“Yours to command till morning,

“BETTY HAND.”

“Rosamond, my dear, I am much obliged to you for the privilege of seeing this letter first,” said Godfrey; “but I should have been more obliged if there had been any thing in it. This comes of insisting upon poor people, or rich people's writing the instant they arrive. Would not it be better to

let them wait till they have something to say? or at least till they have slept off their stupidity — ‘*till morning,*’ as Mrs. Hand says?”

Another and another post came; and another and another, and no letter for Rosamond. Ten days passed, but on the eleventh morning Godfrey entered the breakfast-room, holding a letter far above his head. Higher than ever dancing-master made her spring, Rosamond sprang up, seized it, tore it open, and saw these words, in large scrawling writing, which filled the whole page, from corner to corner:—

“My sight is restored, thank God!
Written by me, this 15th September.”

Rosamond, happy beyond expression, without uttering a syllable, took this paper to her father, and to her

mother, and to Mrs. Egerton—to each and all of her friends, not forgetting the traveller. All congratulated her, and sympathized in her joy. At the bottom of the page were, in small, good, but childish hand-writing, the words, “*Turn over.*”

“The rest of the letter of three pages is written by nurse’s daughter,” said Rosamond, turning to Laura, “whom you taught long ago to write. Little did we think” —

The rest of her moral reflection was lost in empty air. The boiling water from the urn ran over the table, for Laura had forgotten to stop it as she rose to look at the writing. This being set to rights by Mrs. Egerton, and nobody scalded, and Rosamond in the mean time having glanced her eyes over the letter, which was dictated by Kate,

she put it into her brother's hands, remembering her promise, that he should have the first reading of the first good news. He read as follows:—

“ To my dear good young lady, who, after God, I have to thank for this great happiness.

“ I hope, my dear Miss Rosamond, you was not uneasy at not hearing on Tuesday, which was my fault, for I would not let Mrs. Hand, or Ellen Bristow, write, till I could pen the first words of this letter my own self. The gentleman was to have set out the day we saw him, but was so kind as to stay for us. I was not allowed to do any thing till this morning, for fear of hurting myself so soon after the operation, but which did not deserve to be so called, as it was no

more pain than a prick of a pin, and so quick, I cannot well tell what it was like.

“ But, as you desired me to be particular, may mention, that it was, to my mind, most like a stretching and lifting up of a great weight; and that being taken off, on a sudden, like a shot, came back my eyesight; and for the first time these nine years I saw the daylight, and could not believe, at first, but it was a flash, and would go again from me. Thank God! no such thing happened.

“ The gentleman bid me say what I saw, if I saw any thing before my eyes. I answered, that I saw three or four small branches, which were the fingers of his hand that he held up between me and the light, as I afterwards found. So he bound up my eyes, say-

ing it was all well, only I must be kept quiet for some days; and he was very glad to see me so happy and thankful.

“ But, ma'am, I should have told you in the beginning, as you desired me to describe the gentleman, that he is a very kind spoken gentleman, and speaks English so, that at the first I did not know he had the misfortune to be born a foreigner. And no Englishman born could have spoke more tender, or behaved more generous to the poor blind woman (as I was then). He would not take half, nor a quarter, of what you thought and was intended for him. So little indeed does it come to altogether, that we could very well struggle and make it out among ourselves, when the sheep is sold; for it is a great pity and trouble

to me, to think that you should give up that fine horse, my dear Miss Rosamond. Oh! the trot of that horse was going on in my ears all night, whenever I was falling asleep.

“ Please give my love to all at home, particularly Martha, and please to tell her that I had all right. We have every thing hospitable and comfortable here, as if we were princesses, in your good nurse’s house, who is (as is natural) very fond of you and yours, and I of her and hers, especially of the daughter that now holds the pen for me, and has, as they call it, the pen of a ready writer. Thanks to Miss Laura (*interlined*).

“ This day eight days, please God, the gentleman says, if nothing happens to check me, I may set out on my journey homeward, and all bandages

are to be taken off, and I shall see as well as ever! I am sure I can never be thankful enough, dear Miss Rosamond, but will say no more, hoping you will not be displeased by what I said about the horse, and begging just one line about it. I am, my dear good young lady, in haste to conclude, lest should miss again this post,

“Your ever dutiful and loving

“KATE:

“No longer BLIND KATE.”

No one, who knows Rosamond, can, we trust, imagine, that she would take back what she gave, or let the sheep be sold to regain the horse, however bright its bay, or black its mane. She answered so as to show, that it must never more be thought of; and yet, that she was not displeased at its hav-

ing been suggested by the scrupulous honesty and gratitude of Kate.

“Kate, no longer Blind Kate”—these words sounded so delightfully, that Rosamond could not forbear often repeating them aloud to herself in the course of the day. Her imagination, always lively, became ardently fixed upon the idea of all that would happen on the day and hour when this poor woman should return to her family.

Her father found her sitting one morning, with her work hanging from her lap, with her eyes fixed, and in so deep a reverie, that she did not perceive he was near her, till he put his hand on her shoulder. Then she started up, and in answer to her father’s look, which seemed to ask what she was thinking of, she replied,

“I was thinking only, papa, of

Blind Kate; that is, of Kate, who is no longer blind."

"And may I ask, what you were thinking of her? What castles in Spain were you building for Kate or for yourself?"

"I was not building any castles, papa; quite the contrary."

"The contrary! Pulling down castles then that you had formed?"

"No; nothing about castles, only about cottages. I was imagining to myself exactly how it will all be on Tuesday next, when Kate is to return to her cottage. I think I see her, and all the children, and hear every word and look."

"And then, if the reality does not come up to these your bright imaginations, how disappointed you will be, poor Rosamond. You know how often

that has happened to you in other cases. Do you recollect?"

"Oh yes, papa, I recollect perfectly; you need not tell me of it; but this is a different affair. I do not think I can be disappointed here. In general, what you say is true, but not in this instance, I think."

"So, instead of judging by what she has felt, or by general rules founded on general experience, my wise daughter thinks it prudent, or at least convenient, to make for herself a particular exception in each case."

"No, no," said Rosamond. "But what harm can it do me to form bright imaginations. You know, even if I am disappointed at last in the reality, I have had secure all the pleasure of the anticipation, and of the happy imaginations."

“ But you will consider, that the happy imaginations pass away, and the realities, whatever they are, remain; and if your bright imaginations make you discontented with dull realities, you will have but a bad chance for happiness in this world. For instance, if you imagine the gratitude of this poor woman, and represent to yourself her words and gestures, or manner; perhaps you may be disgusted afterwards by her homely expressions, and you would become less kind to her, or, at least, your kindness would cost you more effort. Those, who indulge in these fine reveries, when they waken from them, find, that the plain truth seldom is equal to, or rather seldom resembles accurately any picturesque, or dramatic, or romantic description, or any previous picture drawn by the fancy.”

“ That is possible — that is very likely,” said Rosamond; “ so I will try not to imagine any more about the matter; and I will put away my work, for I cannot help falling into these reveries when I am at work, and have nothing else to employ my thoughts.”

Rosamond next amused herself by going round the library, searching out every poem, or novel, or tale, in which there was any description of the feelings of the blind, beginning with Milton’s beautiful lamentation on his blindness, and ending with Madame de Genlis’ “ Aveugle de Spa,” Madame de Montolieu’s charming “ Leonore Aveugle,” and the interesting “ Blind Child” without a name. Rosamond collected these and many more on the table, and read them with an avidity which left no leisure for comparison of their merits. Her father looked over

some of them again with her, and pointed out, or rather excited her to consider and judge of what was natural, or what was exaggerated in expression or description. And he observed, that many of the heroines of romance speak in language too refined for their conditions in life.

“ I acknowledge, papa,” said she, “ that it is not very likely that all this should be said over again, especially by our poor Kate. And I might, as you say, papa, be disappointed, though I could not be so unjust or absurd as to be angry with her for not being as poetical, or elegant, or sentimental as these.”

In truth and science there is always safe and interesting employment for the minds of young people of ardent imagination; and on every occasion Ro-

samond's father endeavoured to turn her attention from fiction to reality. She read with him Cheselden's account of the blind boy couched for the cataract, and various other narratives of this kind; searched in every cyclopaedia for the articles blindness, cataract, couching, &c.; and acquired all the information she could upon this subject while her interest was awakened, and gave motive for application.

"Thursday, Friday, Saturday," said Rosamond; "during these three last days I have never once indulged myself, papa, in any anticipations, or fancy pictures; and now here is a letter from Kate to tell me that she will not come on Tuesday; that is, not unless I desire it particularly. She has not been so well as she was, and she is advised to go to bathe in the sea.

She has plenty of money left, that is one good thing. But then she will not return here till we have left Egerton Abbey, and I shall lose the pleasure of seeing her."

It was a disappointment!

It would have been a much greater disappointment to Rosamond, but for her prudent forbearance from bright anticipations, during the preceding Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Nor did her prudence, on this occasion, tend to lessen, but rather to increase her generosity; for now she never hesitated between the enjoyment she might have had in seeing the happiness she had caused, and the real benefit to the poor woman's health, which was to be expected from the delaying her return.

THE
PRINT GALLERY.

“MY dear Godfrey!” exclaimed Rosamond, as her brother came into the room one morning, “how terribly tired you look! and, begging your pardon, if one might say so, Mrs. Egerton, without offending against ‘domestic politeness,’ how *uncommonly* stupid he looks.”

“The word ‘*uncommonly*’ saves you,” said Mrs. Egerton.

“I may well look stupid,” said he. “I am indeed quite stupified, I have been studying so hard.”

“What have you been studying?” said Rosamond.

“Greek and Latin,” replied Godfrey, “and grand things that gentlemen cannot be gentlemen without knowing.”

“’Tis a pity then they are so tiresome to gentlemen,” said Rosamond.

“Tiresome! my dear Rosamond,” cried Godfrey, in an awakened tone—“tiresome only to learn, not tiresome to know. So pray, Rosamond, though I may look *uncommonly* stupid, and though I own I have been *uncommonly* dull in making out an *uncommonly* difficult passage, yet do not fancy that I am like your old partner, young Heavy-sides, and that I pronounce Homer and Horace, and classical literature, ‘altogether a bore.’ But, ‘*Dulce est dissipere*’—I beg pardon. I won’t

quote Latin to ladies, as Folliott Brown would say."

"What is become of him, and of all the Browns, I wonder," said Rosamond.

"They are all abroad, in France, I believe," said Godfrey; "but Folliott has dropped my correspondence long since. I have heard nothing of them this great while. Do you know any thing of them, Mrs. Egerton?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Egerton; "but as I can tell you no good, excuse me from saying any thing."

Then turning to Laura, who had been playing on the pianoforte before Godfrey came into the room, she begged her to sing again the pretty song that she and Rosamond had been singing.

“ Yes, pray do,” said Godfrey, “ music is refreshing when one is tired.”

“ Yes, and so useful in changing the course of thought, and turning the attention from any thing tiresome to something new,” said Rosamond.

“ And when one can have it without any trouble, and just for asking once for it,” said Godfrey, going to the instrument. “ What I like about Laura’s voice and music is, that they are always ready, and at the service of her friends, and she does not tell you she is not *in voice*, or that this does not suit her, or the other does not suit her, or that she never plays in the morning, or that she has not some particular music book with her, or that she has forgotten the words, or the tune, of every song you ask for, Italian or English, but especially English. Now,”

continued he, "there is some satisfaction in Laura's obliging way of playing, though I dare say judges would tell me, she does not play half as well as half the young lady professors, and plagues."

"After this compliment," said Laura, "I am bound to sing and play for you, whatever you please."

"Then begin with my favourite," said Godfrey, "The Son of Alknomook."

Godfrey, with enthusiasm, joined Laura as she played and sung—

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the
day,

But glory remains when their lights fade
away.

Begin, ye tormentors! your threats are in
vain;

The son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
Remember your chiefs, by his hatchet laid
low.

Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from
the pain?

The son of Alknomook will never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from
pain ;

And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorn'd to
complain.

Godfrey thought this was the real death song of an Indian chief, and was surprised when Mrs. Egerton assured him, that these lines were written by an English lady.

Godfrey would not believe it: he said it might be a lady's translation, and he acknowledged that it was a

most spirited translation; but he was sure it could not be any woman's original composition.

Mrs. Egerton took down a small volume of poems from the book-case, and showed Godfrey "The Son of Alknomook," and the following note at the end of it, which flashed conviction in his face:—

"The idea of this ballad was suggested, several years ago, by hearing a gentleman, who had resided many years in America, among the tribe called the Cherokees, sing a wild air, which he assured me it was customary for those people to chaunt with a barbarous jargon, implying contempt for their enemies in the moments of torture and death. I have endeavoured to

give something of the characteristic spirit and sentiment of those brave savages."

"*I!* but who is she?" interrupted Godfrey.

"The widow of the celebrated John Hunter. In this little book there are some lines of hers in a different style," continued Mrs. Egerton, "which I like particularly. But they are perhaps rather too serious to please your young tastes as well as they do mine."

Nevertheless, the young people unanimously desired to hear them, and Mrs. Egerton read aloud, from a poem addressed to "A Friend on New Year's Day," the following lines:—

Sudden to cease, or gently to decline,
Oh, power of Mercy! may the lot be mine:

Let me not linger on the verge of fate,
Nor weary duty to its utmost date ;
Losing, in pain's impatient gloom confin'd,
Freedom of thought and dignity of mind ;
Till pity views, untouch'd, the parting breath,
And cold indiff'rence adds a pang to death.
Yet if to suffer long my doom is past,
Let me preserve this temper to the last.
Oh let me still from self my feelings bear,
To sympathize with sorrow's starting tear :
Nor sadden at the smile which joy bestows,
Though far from me her beam ethereal glows.
Let me remember, in the gloom of age,
To smile at follies happier youth engage ;
See them fallacious, but indulgent spare
The fairy dreams experience cannot share ;
Nor view the rising morn with jaundic'd eye,
Because, for me, no more the sparkling moments fly.

These lines touched Rosamond particularly, because she felt how strongly they were applicable to Mrs. Egerton herself, whose amiable temper made

her, in age, ever ready to sympathise with the follies and pleasures of youth. Some other serious reflections, excited in Rosamond's mind, made her silent for several minutes. These reflections were interrupted by Dr. Egerton's summoning them all to look at some new engravings, which he was putting up in the print gallery. In this gallery he had a collection of the portraits of celebrated people, with many of whom Rosamond was well acquainted; but she now considered them in a new point of view; and, recurring to the reflections in which she had just been interrupted, she observed to Laura, how few of these great people had been happy both in youth and age. While Rosamond was reviewing these portraits, Godfrey asked her this puzzling question:—

"Which of all the women most famed in ancient or modern history would you rather have been?"

"What an immense question!" said Rosamond. "I don't know where to begin. How far am I to go back? In ancient history, let me see, there is old Penelope."

"I am not quite sure that she did right about the suitors," said Godfrey. "She might have got rid of those gentlemen sooner, I think; indeed, I do not know why she let them come at all."

"Oh, Godfrey, let poor Penelope pass without scandal," said Laura.

"Yet, upon the whole, I would rather be Andromache than Penelope," said Rosamond, moving to the print of Andromache and Hector. "As far as I know, Andromache was perfect. But

then I know but little of her, or of any of these ancient heroines."

"My dear, that is your own fault," said Godfrey, "for even you ladies may know a good deal of these ancient heroines, as you call them, from the translations of Sophocles, Euripides, and Eschylus."

"Not enough to judge of their characters entirely," continued Rosamond. "And though I admire Iphigenia exceedingly, and still more Antigone, and though some others are very grand, yet still their ways of life, and their ideas of virtue, and their religion, were so different from ours, that I can't judge of them rightly. I could not wish to be any of those heroines."

"Then, to go on to the Roman history," said Godfrey, "there are Lucretia, and Virginia, and the heroic

Portia, who wounded herself to prove to her husband that she deserved his confidence, and afterwards swallowed burning coals, like a worthy daughter of Cato. And Arria," continued Godfrey, "who bled to death with her husband, and set him the example, you know.

When Arria from her bleeding side
Withdrew the reeking steel,
I feel not what I do, she cried ;
What Pætus has to do I feel."

"But, brother, I should not like to have been any of these stabbed or stabbing women," said Rosamond.

"The Roman ladies were not all stabbing women," said Godfrey. "There never would have been Roman citizens, if there had not been Roman matrons. What do you think of the wife and

mother of Coriolanus? Or Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi? Or the gentle Octavia, who sacrificed her private feelings to the peace of mankind?"

"Octavia was very good to her husband, and Cornelia was very good to her children," said Rosamond, "and I admire her speech about her diamonds. But before I decide to be a Roman matron, let me think of some celebrated people in modern history. I do not think I could well turn into an ancient Roman matron."

"What think you of being Catherine the First of Russia," said Godfrey, "the wife of Peter the Great of Russia? Pray, Rosamond, come here and look at her. Here she is," continued he, reading what was written at the

bottom of the print of her portrait. " 'The Empress Catherine, in the habit in which she appeared at the head of her own regiment.' Admire her, with her sword in one hand and her truncheon in the other, and that cocked hat, wrong corner foremost, on her forehead, a cockade on one side, and her military plume on the other."

"What a figure!" exclaimed Rosamond. "More like a man than a woman! Her hair frizzled out under the cocked hat like a bob wig, and the long-waisted riding-habit, with its skirts like a man's coat. I never saw such an odd figure, such an odd dress!"

"The dress might be easily altered," said Laura, "so we need not mind that."

"True," said Rosamond; "it is not

the question, whether I would have her dress, but her character; and she had a noble character and great abilities."

"Yes," said Godfrey; "I remember, that one night, before some famous battle, when Peter had retired to his tent in despair, and had forbidden any body to approach him, she ventured in, to suggest some expedient by which, as he afterwards acknowledged, she saved him and two-and-twenty thousand men."

"Two-and-twenty thousand!" repeated Rosamond. "Think of the presence of mind and courage of one person saving so many. How I should have liked to be that one person! But are we sure it is true, Dr. Egerton?"

"We have as good evidence for it

as we can have for any thing in history. We have it under the hand-writing of Czar Peter himself."

"Yes," said Laura; "do not you recollect, Rosamond, our reading that character which her husband wrote with his own hand of Catherine, in which he says, too, that 'She knew how to soothe his most violent passions into an absolute calm.' Those were the very words. She always used to intercede for the innocent, and saved the lives of many, whom he in his fits of fury had condemned to death; and sometimes, in begging for mercy for them, she ran great danger herself. She was a most courageous, noble-minded person, fit to be the wife of Peter the Great. I should like to have had her character, but not to have

been in her place. I should not like to have been the wife of Peter the passionate."

"But, after all," said Rosamond, "the Catherine you are talking of was not Catherine the Great. Here is Catherine the Great."

"Yes, but as she was not Catherine the Good, we had better, on the present occasion, pass by her," said Godfrey. "Here's Maria Theresa—what do you think of her?"

"Oh! I recollect Wraxall's description of Maria Theresa presenting her son to the states of Hungary—beautiful! If I were forced to be an empress, I should like to have been Maria Theresa; but I would rather be a private person."

"Well; here's an abdicated queen," said Godfrey; "here's Christina of

Sweden: would you like to have been her?"

"No, indeed," said Rosamond, "though she was daughter of your dear Gustavus Vasa. She had a great deal of pedantry and vanity, and as soon as she had abdicated, she repented of it. She could neither be a private person nor a queen. I can't think any one great who has so little steadiness. Besides, recollect the *execution*—some say, the murder of her chancellor. I would not be Christina on any account."

"I think you are right," said Godfrey: "she was very unlike her father. Who have you got to there? Eleanor of England, Queen of Edward the First, who sucked the poison from her husband's wound: yes, now you have it; you will be queen at last."

Rosalmond paused, said she admired Eleanor very much; she liked her the best of all the queens that had been mentioned, but still could not decide to be Queen Eleanor, because she knew but this one action of her's, and she did not know what she was in every day life."

"That is a sensible consideration," said Mrs. Egerton; "for we read in history of many people, remarkable for some one fine action, who might have been unamiable characters in common life."

"I could, however, mention to you many examples of women, of distinguished merit in times of trial and difficulty, who, at the same time, possessed the most amiable domestic qualities," said Dr. Egerton.

“ When you return to the library,” continued he, “ I will show you, for instance, an interesting account of the Lady Griselda Baillie.”

“ I know it—I read it yesterday,” said Rosamond. “ You mean the story of the daughter, who, when she was a child of twelve years old, was trusted with the secret about the place of her father’s concealment; and who kept the secret so well, and who conquered her own foolish fears about crossing the churchyard in the dark, and used to go every night to carry his food to him. Oh! I remember every particular—about the sheep’s head that vanished one day at dinner; and the little brother, who had nearly betrayed all. And then her being the delight and support of her family for so many

years in poverty and exile. She was a charming creature. I will be Grizelda Baillie, I think."

"But the time of civil troubles, and hiding in caves, are past," added she, sighing.

"You need not sigh for want of troubles, and dangers, and heroines, in our own times," said Mrs. Egerton.

"But did you ever know, that is, know to your own knowledge, in our own times, such a heroine as Grizelda Baillie," said Rosamond.

"Yes, I knew Lady Harriet Ackland, who went through such hardships at the time of the American war, and who had the happiness of saving her husband's life by her own exertions."

"Oh! tell me that," said Rosamond.

“ I will show it to you,” cried Godfrey, “ in the Annual Register ; I know where it is.”

“ And during the troubles in France,” continued Dr. Egerton, “ there were many examples of amiable female heroines.”

“ Oh, but if we go into the troubles of France, and all the people who were guillotined, we shall never have done, Sir,” said Godfrey. “ Rosamond was only to choose from among the historical people, whose heads are here before her.”

“ Then stay, we have missed Lady Jane Grey,” said Rosamond, turning back to look at some portraits she had before passed over. Lady Jane Grey was very amiable, and very learned, and very much to be pitied. And be-

fore her portrait Rosamond paused; then turning to ask Laura's counsel, she saw her fixed before another picture.

"Lady Russell!" exclaimed Rosamond, eagerly. "Yes, certainly, Laura, you are right; how could I forget Lady Russell?—forget her I never did; but why did not I fix upon her sooner?"

"Better after comparison than before," said Laura.

"Who can be compared with her?" said Rosamond. "Who is there in our own country, or France, or Italy, or Spain—in any country; what celebrated woman can you name, who can stand a comparison with Lady Russell?"

Several celebrated modern names, French and English, were mentioned,

but none could stand a comparison with Lady Russell.

As Mrs. Egerton observed, we know Lady Russell, not merely by what historians or biographers say in her praise, but we become intimately acquainted with her from her own letters. There we see her from youth to age, in prosperity and in adversity: we see her beginning life, as if she were only a common person, happy with her husband, and taking care of her children: we see how grateful she was to God for her happiness—"her great happiness," as she emphatically calls it: we see how wisely, in prosperity, she prepared her mind for adversity, and when it came upon her how nobly she bore it: what presence of mind she showed, what exertions she made, on the trial of her husband: and as to tenderness,

what fortitude in suppressing her feelings in the last parting, that she might spare him pain !

“ And her whole life afterwards,” continued Mrs. Egerton, “ was admirable. Instead of giving herself up to her own feelings, she fulfilled every active duty, lived for her children, her husband ever present to her mind.”

“ Oh ! I would rather have been the noble widow of Lord Russell,” exclaimed Rosamond, “ than the greatest queen upon Earth !”

“ Rosamond !” cried Godfrey, suddenly placing himself before her, “ which would you rather have been, Lady Russell, or Queen Elizabeth in all her glory ?”

“ Lady Russell, without a doubt,” replied Rosamond. “ Queen Elizabeth !” repeated she, with a look of

disdain. "I would never be Queen Elizabeth, with all her glory, as you call it. It was the glory of a great queen, but not of a good woman."

"Right, my dear young friend," said Mrs. Egerton, who rejoiced to see that Rosamond was not dazzled with the glare of historic greatness, but that she felt the full value of female domestic virtues. She rejoiced, too, in seeing the enthusiasm which Rosamond felt for Lady Russell. She knew, that the looking up in early youth to a high character exalts the mind, and gives the best promise of future excellence.

THE DEPARTURE.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind :
Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of
fame ;
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising
flame.

These lines Godfrey was repeating
in a loud voice, as he walked, one
morning before breakfast, up and down
the gallery. Rosamond, opening the
door of her room, asked him what he
was saying.

“ The choice of Hercules,” replied

he. " I am learning it by heart ;" and he went back,

When, lo ! far off, two female forms he spies ;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear.

" Rosamond, direct your steps to me," said Godfrey, " and call Laura. She shall be Virtue for me, and you shall be Sloth."

" I Sloth !" cried Rosamond, stopping short, " indeed I never will."

" Well, well ! At any rate, come here and help me to shorten the long speeches in this poem, for both Sloth and Virtue say too much for me," said Godfrey ; " at least, too much for my memory. Leaving out half will, as my father says, much improve the whole."

" But pray don't leave out Virtue's first speech," said Rosamond.

“ And certainly,” said Godfrey, “ we must not leave this out about Honour. Now hear me say this. I am perfect in this stanza.

Honour rewards the brave and bold alone ;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base :
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard, so Jove commands, the sacred
place.
Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labour, and care,
and pain.”

In these lines Godfrey was perfect, and Rosamond and he had just settled what they would leave out, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Egerton, who came in with letters in his hand ; his countenance unusually grave, as if he had just received some bad news.

When they were all assembled at the

breakfast table, he told them, that he had heard a sad account of a young man, for whom, independently of relationship, he had once had a great regard; who, from his once generous spirit, and early display of talents, had promised to be an honour to his family, and a distinguished member of society; who, as his fond parents flattered themselves, would have risen to the first rank in political eminence, and to the highest honours of the state.

Godfrey and Rosamond looked at one another, afraid to hear the name.

“Yes; Folliott Brown!” said Dr. Egerton, sighing.

There was a silence, for no one ventured to ask any questions, and Dr. Egerton seemed unwilling to say more.

“I cannot tell you all the circum-

stances, my young friends," resumed he; "but he has fallen into bad company abroad; he has formed, or there is imminent danger of his forming, a most disgraceful connection; and I consider his being at this moment under arrest for a gaming debt, at Paris, as the least part of the evil."

"Folliott Brown!" repeated Godfrey. "We thought him the finest fellow in the whole school! with such abilities! such honour! such spirit!"

"Ah!" said Dr. Egerton, "abilities, spirit, honour, will not do without something more. What are they without religion, morality, and steadiness? It must aggravate his mother's affliction to know, as she must, that this ill conduct of his arises from his parents' early and late neglect. His father was so intent upon bringing

forward his abilities, that he absolutely seemed to forget moral and religious principles: provided he won prizes, and obtained school and college honours, he was satisfied, without ever looking for more, or caring what company he kept, or what habits he acquired. In fact, the very means he took, even to excite him forward in classical literature, while yet a school-boy, prepared this ruin that has ensued. He rewarded him, by increasing his allowance of money to an exorbitant degree."

"That is true. I remember he used to have a great deal of money," said Godfrey; "but he was in the upper form; I did not know more, than that he was very extravagant."

"Colonel Brown used to say," continued Dr. Egerton, "that he thought

he could not pay too dear for his son's abilities. Dearly he paid, and dearly has his son, and dearly must all his family pay for them. At the university, in spite of every remonstrance I could make, the same principles were followed by his infatuated parents. 'I was wild in my time,' the father always said, 'and Folliott must have his day and his way: he's a fine fellow, and will take up when we get him into parliament; and he will make a figure that will make amends for any little extravagance.' His mother, too, Lady Frances, was anxious chiefly about the rank and fashion of the young men who were his companions. If he was in *high* company, she always thought he was in *good* company. So from extravagance he went on to all sorts of dissipation, and of course to

worse and worse, when his father's death left him fatally at liberty. The disorder of their affairs, the loss of their fortune, made an impression just for a time. I remember, he then assured me, that he was resolved to be prudent, and he felt for his mother and sisters, and he was anxious to distinguish himself in parliament, and to set all to rights. And he was in earnest, and felt strongly at the moment; but what is feeling, what are good impulses, without principle and resolution! Then his mother, from vanity, put him again in the way of all manner of temptation. He must needs go abroad with a young profligate nobleman; and his mother, by way of saving money, and breaking up an establishment, must go to live in Paris too, with visions of glory, I am sure, before

her for her daughters. It has all ended as you see," said Dr. Egerton, putting the letters into his sister's hand.

Rosamond, extremely shocked, sat quite overpowered with surprise; she looked alternately at Godfrey, Laura, and her mother, without uttering a syllable. The recollection of the time she had seen this family, when they were all in prosperity and gaiety, and when she used to look up to them with admiration, was full in her mind; nor could she forget the manner in which they had spoken of those, who were now in their adversity their only friends.

Dr. Egerton was determined, he said, to set out immediately for Paris, to try what could be done, not merely to relieve this young man from his present difficulties, but to snatch him, if possible, from future destruction.

Mrs. Egerton, ever inclined to think the best, encouraged her brother in this benevolent hope. It was some exertion, at his advanced time of life, and disliking as he did to leave his beloved home, to go to a foreign country; but all these were trifles to him, with such an object before him. He also regretted, that he must abruptly leave friends, whose company he so much enjoyed; and all deplored, that such must be the melancholy termination of their hitherto delightful visit to Egerton Abbey.

Dr. Egerton was to set off early the next morning for France, and Mrs. Egerton was to go to her own house, to prepare every thing for the reception of Lady Frances Folliott Brown and her daughters, whom she invited to make it their residence, on this their return from the Continent, they

having now no house or home of their own.

Arrangements for their various journeys, and the necessary preparations for departure, were now to begin, and were necessarily to occupy almost the whole of this last day. As soon as they had breakfasted, or, to speak more correctly, as soon as they rose from the breakfast table, Laura and Rosamond, thinking that Dr. Egerton might wish to speak further on the subject of these unhappy affairs to their father and mother, retired to their own room. Godfrey soon followed. He found Rosamond sitting upon the trunk which Laura was preparing to pack; both quite silent, and Rosamond looking more serious than he had ever seen her.

“Rosamond,” said he, “do you re-

collect the words we heard Folliott Brown say, the last evening we ever saw him,

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together?"

"Remember it! Yes," said Rosamond. "When you came in, I was just thinking of that ball, and of all that has passed since, and I shall never forget it. My dear brother," continued she, "how happy it is for you, that your friendship with Folliott Brown was broken off!"

"That *intimacy* rather; for friendship, I am sure, there never was on his side," said Laura.

"But there was on mine," said Godfrey, "and I am excessively sorry for all that has happened. My father warned me from him, you remember,

and told me, what I never suspected, that he was without principle. I am glad that I trusted my father's judgment, and took his advice."

"How much reason," said Rosamond, "we have to be grateful to our parents, Godfrey, for giving us strong moral principles, with a steady foundation of religion; and for making for us really good friends, instead of what are called *great* friends."

"Very true," said Godfrey. "But who would have expected such a really wise and really good reflection, at last, from Rosamond?"

"Everybody, who knows her as well as I do," said Laura.

"Well," said Godfrey, "I could tell you, and I could tell Rosamond, something."

"Pray tell me, brother; you must," said Rosamond, holding him fast.

“Then if I must, I will tell you, that there is nobody living, not even yourself, my dear Laura, who has higher expectations of Rosamond’s sense and goodness than I have, though I agree, I own, with old Lady Worral, that Miss Rosamond’s education has been going on a great while, and that it begins to be time to think of finishing it. The day after we go home, she will arrive, with her old question, *Ma’am, when will Miss Rosamond’s education be finished?*”

“And you, I hope, will answer,” said Rosamond, “Never while she lives.”

THE END.

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